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FEBRUARY 9, 1971

SPECIAL IN THIS ISSUE:
1971 Prophet of
the Year Contest

NATIONAL REVIEW

Never Before Published in the U.S.

John Dos Passos on The Moon Shot

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

ROBERT MOSES ON HERSEY OF
ON FRANCO AND THE BASQUES
NEW POLISH LEADERS & GELT

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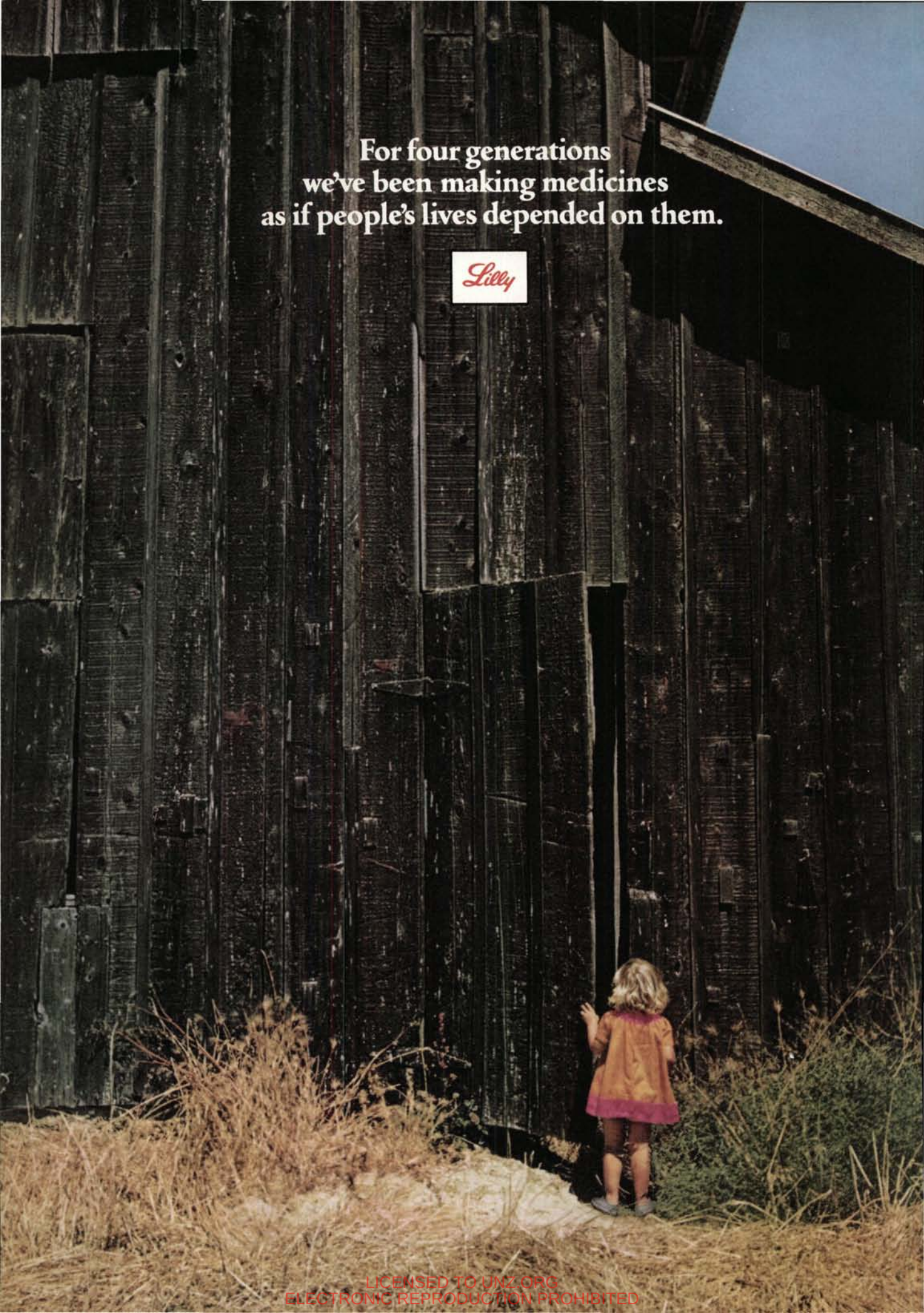

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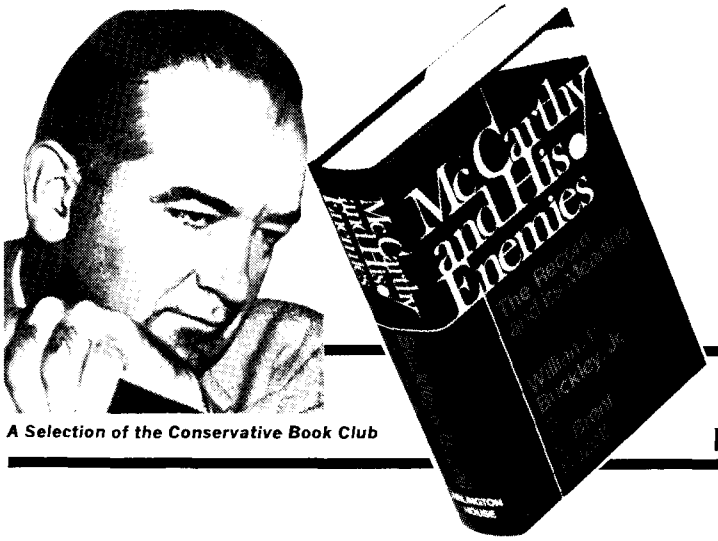

A Selection of the Conservative Book Club

BACK IN PRINT — and still the best book on Senator Joe McCarthy and his record

McCARTHY AND HIS ENEMIES

by William F. Buckley, Jr. and L. Brent Bozell

Prologue by William S. Schlamm • 444 pages • 7 valuable appendices • notes • 11-page index

SENATOR JOSEPH R. McCARTHY died in May, 1957, but the memory lingers on. Whenever a critic reaches for the ultimate in opprobrium to level at someone like Spiro Agnew, he invariably resorts to that *Old Reliable*: McCarthyism.

This book, covering McCarthy's career through late 1953, remains the most searching and balanced look at the record. Not uncritical (Leo Cherne once counted 66 criticisms of McCarthy in these pages), the book nonetheless sustains McCarthy's basic thesis — and goes beyond it to explore the deeper meaning of the controversy. William S. Schlamm goes to the heart of the matter in his illuminating Prologue:

"When McCarthy proceeded to uncover the immense Communist infiltration of democratic government and free society, his conduct was sometimes objectionable (as this book demonstrates), but his activating premise was not: At the heart of what is derisively called McCarthyism lives, in paradoxical fact, the very principle of Western civilization — the axiomatic tenet that man is entirely responsible for the intellectual choices he has made in an exercise of his free will . . . The true difference between McCarthy and his alleged sophisticated opponents is not that they propose a charitable and civilized course, while McCarthy is Caliban; the difference is, in truth, that he, often crudely instructed, takes man seriously, while they insist that man is morally a vegetable and intellectually an eternal child. The intellectual scandal around McCarthy is primarily the frightening frivolousness of his opposition which holds that man's choices signify nothing; that on his walks through the valley of decisions man picks and discards commitments with the abandon of Peter Pan picking daisies. . . .

"With this book, William F. Buckley, Jr. and L. Brent Bozell have liberated a territory which for four years was terrorized by the nervous shriek; liberated and restored it to orderly argument. Now anybody who wants to remain an Anti-McCarthyite in good standing, and at the same time intellectually respectable, will first have to read and disprove this book."

Praise — Even from One Reviewer Who Was No Admirer of Joe McCarthy

"This is the most extraordinary book yet to come forth in the harsh bibliography, pro and con, of 'McCarthyism.' Measured as a literary and polemical effort it is the most striking. . . . Here, at any rate, is proof that it is the young who are infinitely the more deadly — in purpose at least — of the species. Essentially what they have attempted is a defense, both of Senator McCarthy and 'McCarthyism' and an argument, well written in the English language as it is, that will rather stagger those to whom that language has long expressed certain concepts of fair play which Messrs. Buckley and Bozell seem to think either out of date or not viable in a world of great peril." — William S. White, *New York Times*

"The value of this documented book lies in the manner in which the authors have separated fact from the popular fiction peddled by mythmakers like Richard Rovere . . . the book remains the only objective study of the record and purpose of Sen. Joseph McCarthy." — Edwin McDowell, *Arizona Republic*

"No one can really understand the meaning of the assaults on McCarthy, the forces behind them, why he had to be stopped, without reading this book." — Rosalie Gordon, *America's Future*

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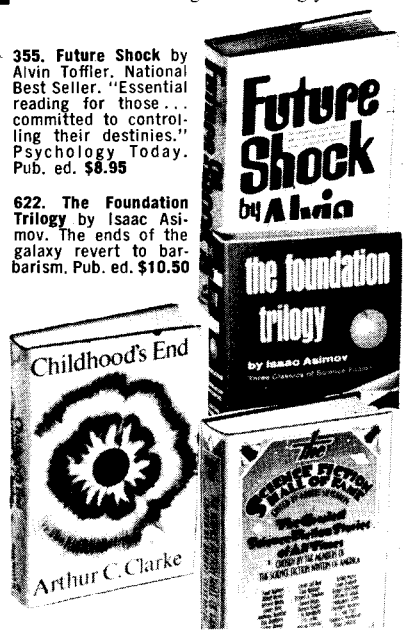

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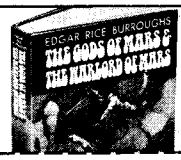

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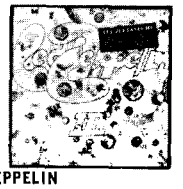

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Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

42769 KING CRIMSON
Wake of Poseidon
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

30635 DIANA ROSS—
Everything Is Everything
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39095 BUDDY RICH—
Buddy & Soul
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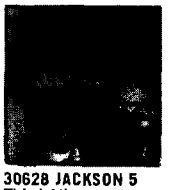


30628 JACKSON 5
Third Album
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS

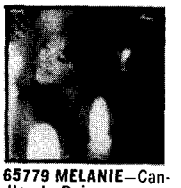
67511 STEPPENWOLF
—7
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

44753 TRAFFIC—John Barleycorn Must Die
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS

30622 TEMPTATIONS
Greatest Hits, Vol. 2
Gordy LP, 8TR, CASS

12286 DUSCHENES RECORDER QUARTET
Baroq LP, 8TR, CASS

42745 WOODSTOCK—
Soundtrack (3 records)
Cotil LP



65779 MELANIE—Candles In Rain
Budda LP, 8TR, CASS

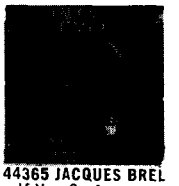
66703 CURTIS MAYFIELD—Curtis
Curto LP, 8TR, CASS

38358 VIKKI CARR—
Nashville By Carr
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS

33077 JOAN BAEZ—
One Day at a Time
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

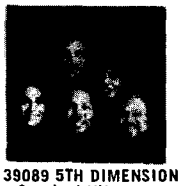
67509 GRASSROOTS
More Golden Grass
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

17263 GREGORIAN CHANT
Phili LP



44365 JACQUES BREL
—If You Go Away
Phili LP

65784 MELANIE—
Leftover Wine
Budda LP, 8TR, CASS



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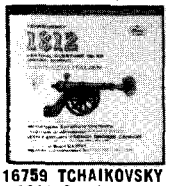
—Greatest Hits
SouCi LP, 8TR, CASS

12121 3 CENTURIES OF MILITARY MUSIC
Pirou LP, 8TR, CASS



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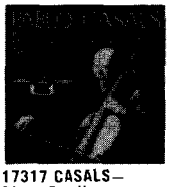
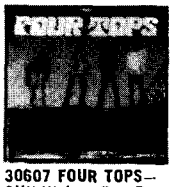
—1812 Overture
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS

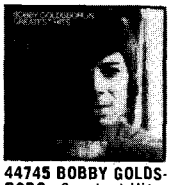


17317 CASALS—
Plays Beethoven
Phil LP

33469 BEST OF BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS

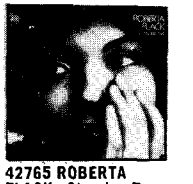


30607 FOUR TOPS—
Still Waters Run Deep
Motow LP,8TR,CASS



44745 BOBBY GOLDSBORO—Greatest Hits
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS

38364 CANNED HEAT
—Future Blues
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS



42765 ROBERTA FLACK—Chapter Two
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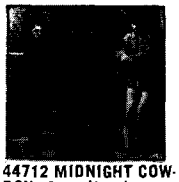
38367 SUGARLOAF
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS

33088 MOZART—
Piano Quartets
Vangu LP



44712 MIDNIGHT COWBOY—Soundtrack
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS

67510 THREE DOG NIGHT—Naturally
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS

39071 5TH DIMENSION
—Age of Aquarius
SouCi LP, 8TR, CASS

44378 PAUL MAURIAT
—Gone Is Love
Phili LP, 8TR, CASS

65775 VERY BEST OF LOVIN' SPOONFUL
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44381 MYSTIC MOODS ORCH.—English Muffins
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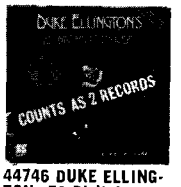

44746 DUKE ELLINGTON—70 Birthday Concert (2 record set)
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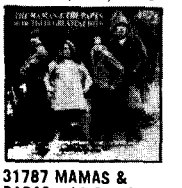
66595 BOBBY SHERMAN
—Here Comes Bobby
Metro LP, 8TR, CASS

17008 HANDEL—
Messiah (3 records)
Phili LP



31787 MAMAS & PAPAS—16 Greatest Hits
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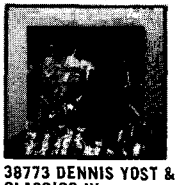

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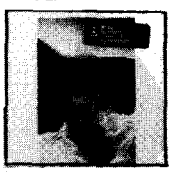
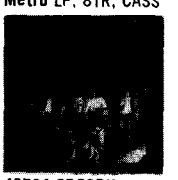
Golden Greats
Imper LP, 8TR, CASS

66671 RARE EARTH
—Ecology
RarEa LP, 8TR, CASS

44758 FERRANTE & TEICHER—Love Is A Soft Touch
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS

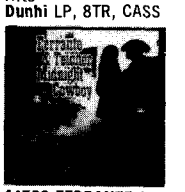


42770 IRON BUTTERFLY—Metamorphosis
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS



42704 CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG—Deja Vu
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

38373 IKE & TINA TURNER—Workin' Together
Liber LP,8TR,CASS



44728 FERRANTE & TEICHER—Play Midnight Cowboy
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS

43860 ERROLL GARNER—Feeling Is Believing
Mercu LP,8TR,CASS

48794 BEVERLY SILLS—Sings Mozart & Strauss
ABC LP, 8TR, CASS

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FOR THE RECORD

■ In and around the new Congress: Doves still flying high on Senate Foreign Relations Committee which has lost three hawks (**Thomas Dodd**, not re-elected; **John Williams**, didn't run again; **Karl Mundt**, seriously ill). Named to the Committee, Republicans **Hugh Scott** and **James Pearson**, who, by and large (but not always), support Administration and Sen. **Edmund Muskie**, who had no foreign policy (except Vietnam) until a fortnight ago. . . . Administration much strengthened by replacement of **Edward Kennedy** by **Robert C. Byrd** as Majority Whip. In the last Congress, Byrd voted for **Haynsworth** and **Carswell**, for ABM and SST, against McGovern-Hatfield, against Cooper-Church. . . . Republican Representative **John Anderson** of Illinois, a conservative who pulled a Goodell upon being named chairman of the Republican Conference Committee, fought off a challenge from conservative Rep. **Samuel Devine** (Ohio), but his margin of victory was narrow—89-81 votes. . . . **Peter Dominick** won job as head of important Senatorial Campaign Committee, which funnels campaign funds to senatorial candidates (replacing **John Tower**, also a conservative, who resigned because he will be running in '72). On that committee, too, is freshman N.Y. Senator **James L. Buckley**. Buckley's appointment indicated his acceptance as a "Republican" by GOP leaders in the Senate.

■ **McGovern** takes off: Purpose of early entry according to campaign manager **Gary Hart** is to "have McGovern recognized as Number Two active candidate for nomination by this fall." On McGovern staff, **Blair Clark**, who was **Eugene McCarthy**'s campaign manager in 1968 (and a Harvard roommate of **JFK** by the way), and **John Douglas**, son of former Illinois Sen. **Paul Douglas**. . . . One major McGovern problem: organized labor is down on him for his failure to help repeal Section 14(b) (the right-to-work clause in the Taft-Hartley Act) in 1965. . . . A major plus for McGovern, Edmund Muskie's heavy-handed Yankee style. Wrote *Washington Post* columnist **David S. Broder** of Muskie the other day: "He treats any question that is put to him as if it is the main item on the National Security Council agenda."

Jon, *London Daily Mail* Ben Roth Agency

"Can I have a refund if the postmen strike?"

■ Soviet authorities bearing down on their dissidents as indications mount that 24th Party Congress will take a very restrictive line on cultural matters when it meets March 30. *Communist*, organ of the Red Army, has blasted **Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn** as a "traitor to his people." The Nobel Prize he was awarded, says *Communist*, "was the mark of Cain." . . . Cellist **Mtislav Rostropovich**, who came to Solzhenitsyn's defense, is undergoing various harrassments, has just been told he cannot leave the country for the next six months. . . . In Czechoslovakia the purges continue with the widow and son of **Rudolph Slansky** once more on the verboten list. Slansky, General Secretary of the Czech CP, was framed and executed in 1953 in one of the celebrated Stalinist purges of East European Communist leaders (it's the trial of Slansky and his associates that is told in the controversial new movie, *The Confession*). Mrs. Slansky and her son, who had been rehabilitated in the early Sixties, have once again been expelled from Czech CP. . . . Subdued groups of Czechs turned out in Prague last week to put candles, wreaths and flowers on the grave of **Jan Palach**, the student who immolated himself two years ago to protest the Soviet occupation.

■ And on with **Angela Davis**: *Daily World* banners its Jan. 23 edition: "World Greets Angela on Birthday." The International Organization of Journalists, which the *World* identifies as the "largest association of journalists in the world" meets in Havana and demands that **Ronald Reagan** release Angela Davis. . . . The Communist-dominated IOJ also: gave a posthumous award to that renowned journalist **Che Guevara** and elected **Joseph North** of the *Daily World* to its Executive Committee. . . . The Rev. **Jesse Jackson** flew to California in mid-January to visit Angela Davis, "[he was] her spiritual adviser," he said, and then paid a visit to **César Chavez**. . . . Chicago rumors have it that Jackson may be trying to replace **Ralph Abernathy** as head of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, **Martin Luther King**'s old group.

■ Never underrate the British. The *Times* (of London) reports that despite the postal strike it is still receiving ninety letters to the editor a day—hand delivered.

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There are some places on this planet where housing starts were actually up this year.

If you've been doing business in European and Japanese housing markets, for example, you've had quite a bit to cheer about.

Housing starts were up this year, and forecasts call for another increase in 1971. We're cheering.

You see, "air comfort" is becoming as popular in these countries as it is in the U.S.

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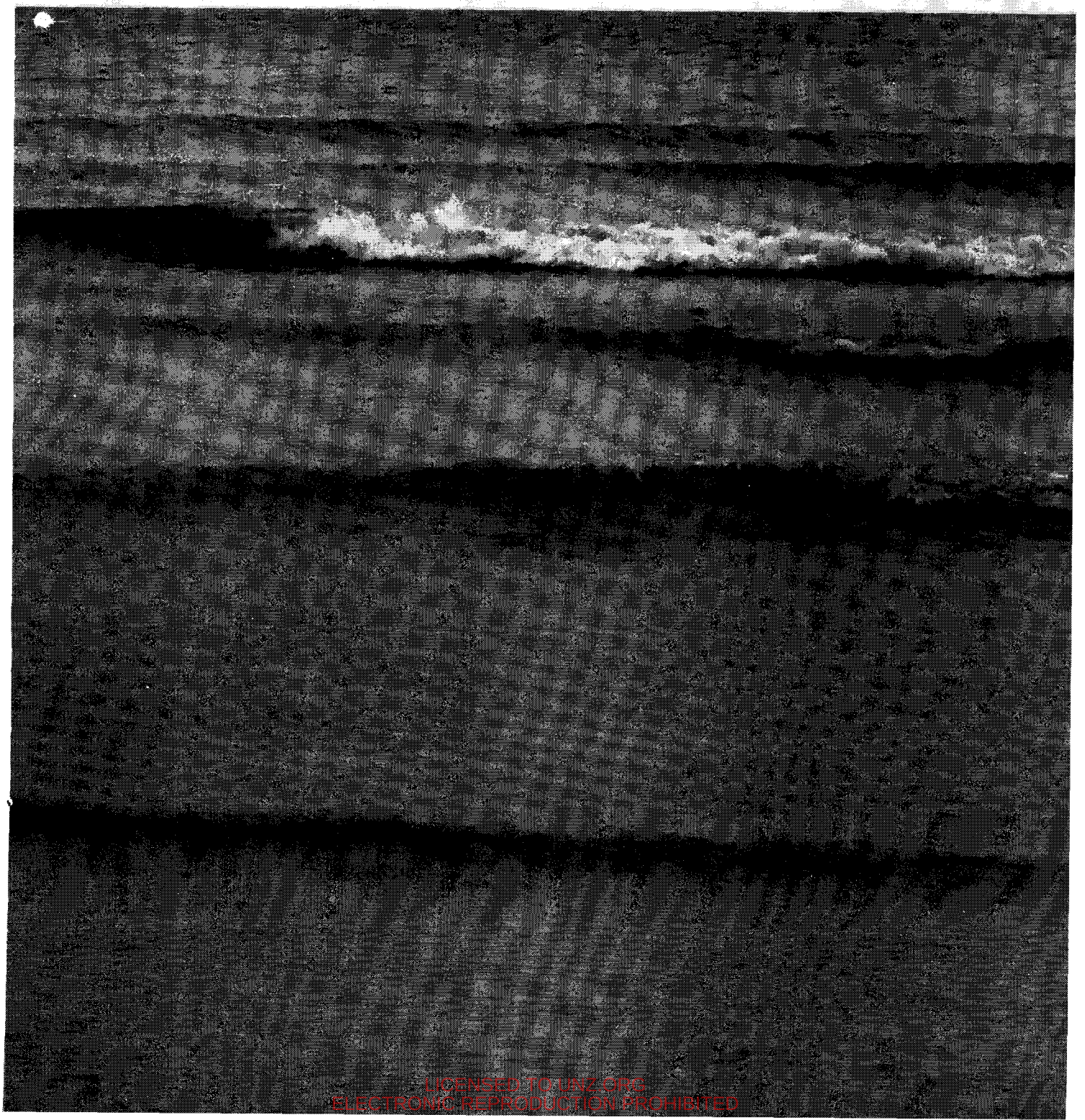

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LETTERS

Luce on Abortion

Congratulations on publishing Clare Boothe Luce's article, "Two Books on Abortion" [Jan. 12]. It took courage: You must have known it would offend, even outrage, many of your readers. Yet Clare Boothe Luce always—and certainly in this instance—deserves a hearing. Her essay is a masterly, cogent and compassionate analysis that must have clarified the issue even for those who remain unpersuaded.

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

New York, N.Y.

May I as a male (and Catholic priest) respond to Mrs. Luce's article on what she considers the female issue of abortion? My comments will be confined to those areas which intrude on my vocational specialty.

Mrs. Luce says that the Church, for centuries, did not consider abortion a crime if it occurred before ensoulment. It has always been a crime, but not always the crime of *murder*. Until the advent of the science of genetics, we had no sure way of discerning that the fetus was human at the moment of conception, and therefore no way of being sure that the crime of abortion also constituted the crime of murder, i.e., the deliberate destruction of innocent human life. Now that the genetic evidence is in, it can be safely said that abortion is murder and the official teachers of the Church are increasingly saying so.

Why do priests not report those women who (in rectory or confessional discussions) indicate that they are contemplating feticide? For the simple reason that a priest is bound by the seal of confession not to reveal what he has learned either in the act of confession or in any discussions *in ordine ad sacramentum poenitentiae*. The priest may not, even to save his life, violate the confidences of an actual or prospective sinner when those confidences relate to the sacrament of Penance.

New York, N.Y. REV. JAMES FISHER CSP

Liberalism: More Comments

Rather than study rightist regimes as James Burnham suggests in your Anniversary Issue, conservatives might learn from the ancient notion of a hierarchy in society. Mr. Burnham's Ulysses laments, "when *degree* is shak'd, which is the *ladder* of all high designs, the enterprise is sick!" The modern West expressly rejects distinctions of degree among people for the purpose of governing, yet it may be that no government can govern effectively which does not feel sovereign in its own right. Restoration of authority to government may call for making institutionally explicit the theoretical irrelevance of democracy—merely a *means* of governing—to free government. Restoration of authority does not demand rejection of our heritage of liberty under the law and "procedural" restraints on public and private power. It is not these achievements of the struggle to bring government under the moral law that diminish authority, but the Lockean assumption that government derives its authority from a voluntary delegation of power by sovereign equals.

Philadelphia, Pa. NICHOLAS LIWCHAK

Jeffrey Hart's penetrating explanation of the anti-Americanism and anti-reality of our ruling Media-Intellectual Complex is generally as excellent as the rest of the Anniversary Issue of *NR*. However, when Professor Hart tries to tell us what can be done about the problem, he can only advocate the regaining of historical perspective and rational skepticism. A person needs some kind of super-rational authority and spiritual values that he does not have to question. The liberal's attempts at scientifically analyzing the world have only succeeded in breaking down traditional authorities and replacing them with liberal orthodoxy. The young radicals, in turn, have inherited the iconoclasm and replaced liberalism with a more irrational and totalitarian authority. The answer of conservatives should not be another attempt objectively to abolish unquestioned intellectual authority and values. James Burnham's thoughtful work in the same issue is a step in the direction of the ultimate conservative answer to the Left.

Bethesda, Md. ROBERT MORRIS

While we conservatives are plugging for the best in this not quite best of all possible worlds, can WFB correctly include among the elements which he would rediscover the amiability of our people? As a churchman, what has he done with Paul (Romans 7:14-15) and Thomas à Kempis?

Even if Mr. Genovese does not recognize their authority or status, he does (he can't be perfectly or completely wrong) speak of "the infantile notion that if everyone were left to do as he pleased, he would naturally love and help everyone else." Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

Professor Hart learnedly argues the antagonism of intellectuals to their society. This is hardly more than the truism that those who, correctly or not, criticize and suggest improvement or uplift are by definition unsatisfied with things as they are. Indeed the characteristic is not limited to intellectuals unless we narrowly confine that classification, vide the Scriptures and the writings of the Patriarchs. Unfortunately, much of what the avant garde is today offering is tawdry and stupid. It is untempered by any concept of morality, for which it substitutes its own hedonism. Thus do these moderns differ from earlier intellectuals who, whatever their deeds, believed or professed to believe in ultimate good. It is not "despite the presence of preachers and clerics among liberals" that secession has occurred and that man is defined "in exclusively this-worldly terms." It is because so many who are now recognized as preachers and clerics have denied their ordination vows.

Washington, D.C. LLOYD BUCHANAN

Reply to Harry Jaffa

Professor Jaffa's condescending attack on me ["Weathermen and Fort Sumter," Dec. 29] stems from his fervent allegiance to the Unionist ideology of the triumphant faction in the Civil War, which he regards as embodying the American conservative tradition. To the contrary, the Lincolnian ideology is a source of leftward distortion in the tradition, having generated those tendencies toward authoritarian centralism and imperious utopianism which have ever since given a revolutionary impetus to American political life.

Any leftist historian would agree with every point in Jaffa's portrayal of the two sides in the Civil War. His position vis-à-vis the Confederates is an essential ingredient of any leftist account of American history and has often been employed as such. Indeed, historiographers commonly cite Jaffa and Schlesinger in tandem as examples of the same school.

I refer readers interested in our controversy over whether the Unionist or the Southern position (the latter of which a large minority of Northerners accepted also) was the conservative stand to "Two Orators" (*Modern Age*, Summer-Fall 1970), a posthumously published essay by Richard Weaver. Substitute Jaffa for Daniel Webster in Weaver's analysis and my position for Hayne's and you will have an understanding of the issue of a profundity denied ideological historians such as Professor Jaffa. Essentially Weaver's case is that the Unionist position was a new-made rationalization, injecting nineteenth-century nationalist emotion into the understanding of the constitutional settlement, while the Southern position was traditional, clinging to the original understanding.

Professor Jaffa makes no point which

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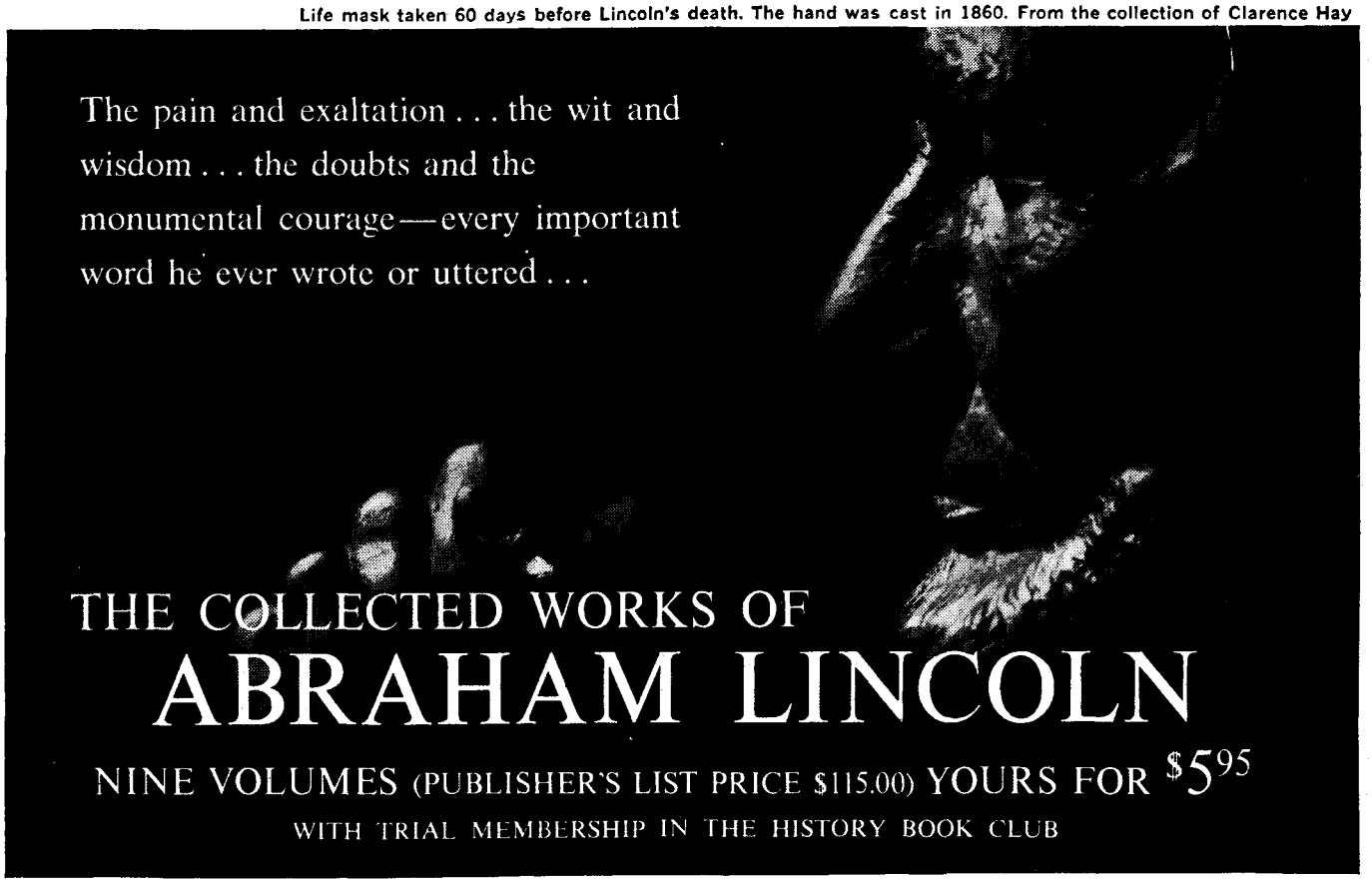
Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay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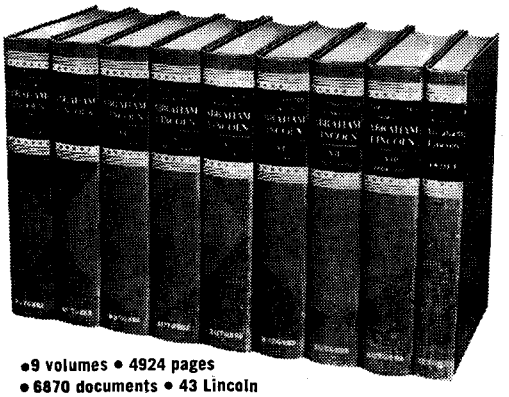

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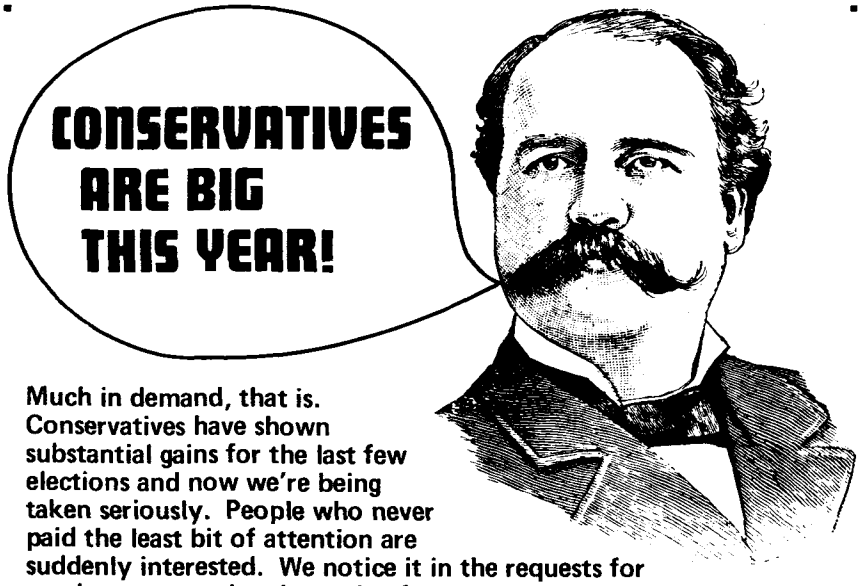

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could not be easily refuted, given adequate space. Lacking this, I can only express surprise that a noted scholar can derive such glee as he evidently does from the superficial, merely verbal victories which he thinks he won over me.

Chapel Hill, N.C. CLYDE WILSON

Stock Exchange Reform

I am highly critical of your editorial "To Thine Own Self Be True" [Nov. 17], which I feel showed a lack of understanding of the New York Stock Exchange.

First of all, the Stock Exchange does not enforce "monopoly pricing." What the Exchange does have is a minimum commission, a fixed-scale commission rate for executing orders. This is in no way opposed to a "free-market approach to the securities business." You tend to confuse the concept of price, which certainly is free and openly arrived at, with the concept of commission. Fixed commissions are not unique even in highly competitive businesses. Many such businesses—advertising, travel and real estate, for example—use it without being accused of being monopolists.

Remember, please, that the New York Stock Exchange is both a central marketplace and a regulated institution. In order to qualify for membership a person or organization must meet financial standards, assume significant costs and obligations, and be subject to regulation by federal and state agencies, and by the Exchange itself. The fixed commission is a primary economic incentive to Exchange membership. Without it members would withdraw. Today's central marketplace, which is the hallmark of the American securities trading system, would change to less efficient networks of markets. The loss of members would divert trades off-board and adversely affect the depth and liquidity of exchange markets. On the floor, spreads between bids and offers would widen in many stocks, especially those which are not volume leaders. Non-member firms could make their own markets in selected stocks in their own offices, using floor prices. Such trades would not be published on a tape and the public would lose this essential market information. Policing would be difficult if not impossible.

The New York Stock Exchange auction market, weakened by membership withdrawals and by an increase in the proportion of trading done in brokers' offices, would deteriorate. If the major purpose of a central securities market, a concentration of orders on both sides of the market, is lost, then a small deterioration in price resulting from the splintering of markets would more than offset any investor-cost savings which might be realized through negotiated commissions.

Furthermore I question NATIONAL REVIEW's conclusion that fixed commission

(Continues on page 158)

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The Case for SILVER

Is there a safe way for you to invest?

SILVER DEMAND—HEADED UP

Silver compounds provide light-sensitivity for photographic negatives. So much silver is used in photography that Eastman Kodak is America's largest silver consumer.

In recent years, the number of snapshots taken in America has been growing 15% annually. Sharper competition between Kodak and Polaroid should enhance this trend.

Kodak companies *outside* the U.S. are growing even more rapidly. Yet foreign markets remain largely untapped. They offer enormous growth opportunities for photography. The demand for silver should grow proportionately.

A second major use of silver is as an industrial commodity. In 1969, industry consumed 54 million ounces of silver as catalysts, solders, brazing alloys, contacts and conductors—up 10 million ounces from the year before.

In most of these applications, the demand for silver is inelastic—unresponsive to minor price changes.

During the 1960's for example, commercial demand for silver rose 139 million ounces—over 60%—even though the price rose more than 95%. Economic analyst William F. Rickenbacker believes only an enormous rise in the price of silver will halt the continuing growth in commercial demand.

SILVER MINING—CAN IT CATCH UP?

Silver mining has lagged behind total demand each year since 1951. From 1961 on, the annual deficit has been over 100 million ounces.

Over 65% of newly mined silver comes as a by-product of other mining operations: copper, lead or zinc for instance. Thus the supply of silver, like the demand, is unresponsive to minor prices changes.

Mr. Rickenbacker expects silver mining to grow gradually during the coming decade. However, he doesn't think it can close the supply deficit.

Until recently, the supply deficit was filled by sales from the U.S. Treasury's once vast hoard of silver. But this hoard—over two *billion* ounces in 1960—has dwindled to a mere 30 million ounces, and now the Treasury is no longer supplying silver.

WHAT LIES AHEAD?

Since 1967, the price of silver has been swinging erratically between $1.29 and $2.56 per ounce. During each upward move, many normally prudent investors decided silver was on a one way street—up. They suffered cruel losses.

Yet the forces underlying the stormy silver market are knowable and—to a degree—predictable. With demand outstripping supply by so great a margin, a rise in the price of silver seems inevitable.

However, in the RICKENBACKER REPORT, Mr. Rickenbacker warns; "Every investment has its risks. Silver too. For example: the supply deficit of silver could disappear due to: 1) New developments in silverless photography; 2) A depression; 3) The discovery and exploitation of new silver mines; 4) Silver trading by the Communist bloc."

To guard against such dangers, you need a quality investment advisory service with international scope.

Forty-eight times a year, Mr. Rickenbacker's incisive commentary and the candid features written by the RICKENBACKER REPORT's global team of experts, guide you step by step, past investment problems in silver, gold and all other conventional areas of investing. Messrs:

- **Andreen,** Secretary, International Freedom Academy;
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- **Horton,** President, Computer Guidance Corporation;
- **Reuter,** President, Leys, Christie & Company;
- & Mr. Rickenbacker's associates who must remain anonymous for discreet professional reasons: "Praktikus," a senior member of a leading commodity brokerage house, and "Jacques Rollat," Associate Editor-in-Chief of a leading French newspaper,

are several of the nearly twenty top experts that comb the world—Japan, Britain, Switzerland, South Africa, West Germany & others—for information that will aid your investing. They cover:

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- National surveys of industrial and commercial real estate;
- Banking, government bonds, cash and savings accounts;
- Reviews of books of major importance to investors;
- *Special issues on gold and silver stocks;*
- Research visits, in person by Mr. Rickenbacker, to companies of particular interest.

TWO SILVER INVESTMENTS RECOMMENDED

There are several ways to invest in silver—bullion, coins, futures contracts and silver mining stocks are the most important. However, specific investments combining good profit potential and reasonable protection against catastrophic losses are rare.

In WOODEN NICKELS, a selection of the Conservative Book Club, Mr. Rickenbacker accurately predicted the disappearance of silver coinage and the rise in the price of silver bullion. Now, in a comprehensive, fact-filled 24-page minibook *The Case for Silver,* Mr. Rickenbacker, a) Estimates the size and availability of private silver holdings; b) Projects long term silver prices for the next 10 years; c) Recommends one particular coin as *perhaps the most secure of all investments;* d) Recommends *one* quality silver mining stock for immediate purchase.

"By now it should not be necessary to caution against an over-simple approach to the silver situation. A great number of forces are at work in the silver markets (and therefore) the outlook is not knowable in detail.... But the general size and shape of things to come should be available to the patient student."
—William F. Rickenbacker, WOODEN NICKELS.

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The Case for Silver

William F. Rickenbacker

"Every investor interested in capital gains should stake out an informed position in silver."
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THE WEEK

■ "Secretary General U Thant will accept an honorary degree next week from a Florida university that as yet has no students, faculty or campus," says the *Atlanta Constitution*. A most fitting finish to a most unusual career, say we.

■ Washington: Senator James L. Buckley of New York has just won appointment to the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee, which works for the election of GOP Senate candidates. Usually reliable sources report that Senator Jacob Javits of New York, who faces a re-election campaign in 1974, has just invited Senator Buckley to dinner.

■ *Senator Muskie, call your constituents:* Maine parents are up in arms about the decision of the General Student Senate at the University of Maine to finance loans for pregnant coeds who want to go to New York to get abortions. Funds will come from the university's student activity fee. George E. Chalmers, Student Senate President, proudly calls it an academic "first."

■ Whereas freedom of the press may be approaching absolute, responsibility evidently is not. Reports of a Long Island Railroad train wreck last week (caused by a vandal or saboteur who threw a switch) gave, along with a picture of the switch, details of how the switch was thrown, how the switchbox was broken into, and where similar switches are located, and told how very, very difficult it would be for the railroads to guard all their track and all their hundreds of switches. Very interesting, of course. And newsworthy. And yet . . . And yet such reports are little different from underground and aboveground publications that give diagrams for bombs, insurrection and revolution. We don't doubt the ability of the Anglo-American jurisprudential system to produce, if necessary, proper safeguards for society. But we do doubt the wisdom of the decisions that may force it to do so.

■ "May I carry your bags, ma'am?" "This way, please." "Your room number, ma'am?" "Oh, yes. Please use the third bank of elevators for the Roosevelt suite." Thus it was, we assume, that Mrs. Welfare Recipient and family were welcomed to the Waldorf-Astoria last week, having been sent there by a welfare worker as guests of New York City's $2-billion a year Welfare Administration. Not, of course, that the Waldorf is the only hotel suitable for such purposes. We wonder if the Welfare Administration has to pay New York City's dollar-a-day hotel occupancy tax. And we wonder also if there isn't another way the nation's growing welfare problem could be handled.

■ The *San Antonio Express* reports that German-American citizens of Uvalde, Texas have presented their school board with a list of ethnic demands, much like the demands made recently by Uvalde's militant Mexican-American community. Among the German-American demands: that special tests be given and that German-American students not be held back until others catch up; that on November 11 the official Star of Fashing, a German religious holiday, be observed; that since German-American students are in the minority in the elementary schools, German should be taught in the elementary schools and German food should be served at all schools in the system. Gordon Erkfitz, spokesman for the group, said that it is filing for an educational grant from the Ford Foundation. Also, says Erkfitz, he will invite Senator Walter Mondale to visit Uvalde to investigate the plight of the German-Americans.

■ Polaroid, master of the sixty-second color picture, is having trouble with things black and white. Its black employees initiated a boycott of all Polaroid products until the company stops dealing with white-controlled South Africa. Quick as a flash, Polaroid acted, fearful of losing its well-deserved reputation for heart and soul. The company announced it will no longer sell film to the South African government but will continue those business relationships that South African blacks think beneficial. Polaroid also announced that it will require its trading associates in South Africa to improve the pay and training of the non-white employees; and promised to support scholarship and exchange programs for South African black students. All to no avail. Polaroid's black employees said they were going to expand the boycott. The only thing left for right-thinking people to do is buy Brownies.

■ Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike's popular front swept into power in Ceylon last May on an elaborate program for changes in domestic and foreign policy. There has been no progress toward fulfillment of any of the domestic pledges—for full employment, lowered cost of living, cheap housing for the poor etc. The foreign policy promises, however, have been faithfully carried out: diplomatic relations with Israel broken; full recognition of North Vietnam, the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam, North Korea and East Ger-

Byrd Wins, Teddy Loses

Break the cider open, mother;
  Take a brush to sister's hair.
Tell the hired hand the folks are
  Going on a tear.
I'll go slick up in the parlor;
  You wind up the phonograph.
Golly Pete, ain't felt so good since
  Bessie dropped her calf.

W. H. von Dreele

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Shown: Moon Garden, out-of-this-world flowers on lush, sheared terry. From The Designer's Gallery of color-coordinated towels, bathroom rugs, shower curtains.

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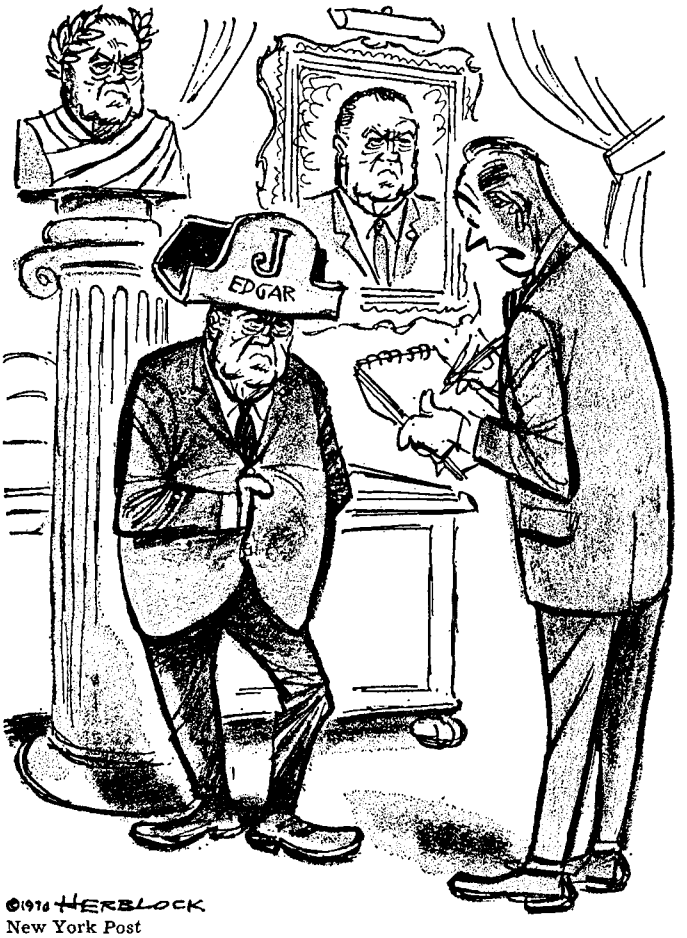
many; expulsion of the U.S. Peace Corps and the American-supported Asia Foundation; attack on the World Bank financing of the Mahaweli River irrigation and power project; dismissal of the American consulting engineers working on that project, which is Ceylon's largest economic undertaking.

■ Kinda makes a guy like the British Prime Minister want to go play his harpsichord. This week's Acrobatics Award goes to Edward Heath for agility beyond the call of duty in balancing 31 presidents and premiers on the head of that shaky gyroscope called the Commonwealth of Nations at its yearly conference. No one walked out—walking out is such fun and soooo principled—and that's Mr. Heath's great achievement. The Prime Minister didn't see Britain's contemplated arms sale to South Africa as the end of the world, nor as indicative of British approval of apartheid; except for Australia, however, the Commonwealth nabobs clearly felt otherwise. The conference ended in a standoff: the colored nations got their "study group" to fuss and fume about the arms deal; Heath got a conference finale *sans* actual walkouts; and South Africa got no arms. Not yet, at any rate. In six months, give or take a coup, the study group will report back and Heath will act. Maybe. Perhaps if Mr. Heath promised that he'll never ever *ever* sell arms to South Africa, the Commonwealth would survive eternally. Besides, what has he to lose, other than the Indian Ocean to the Soviets?

■ More on "lighght." "lighght" was the poem (we've just quoted it twice, in its entirety) that the National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities, which is government-funded, paid $750 to have published. When Congressman William Scherle (R., Iowa) objected, he was told that Middle Americans had nothing to contribute on such matters, not having anything like the artistic sensitivity to discern the true deliciousness of "lighght." Now Congressman Scherle has learned that the NFonA&H is asking for a 100 per cent increase in its budget for fiscal 1972 (from $30 million to $60 million) and also that it's the NFonA&H that's responsible for Living Theater 71. Living Theater 71 is a group that addresses itself to school children, grade-school children, children six, seven, eight years old, and instructs them that any time anything at all displeases them, they are to respond by crying, loudly, clearly "b------t." The little darlings. When Mr. Scherle questioned a representative of the Living Theater 71 about this he was asked, really, what was the difference between b------t and horsefeathers. To which Mr. Scherle, a farmer, replied: "Have you ever stepped in a pile of horsefeathers?" What Living Theater 71 and the National Foundation have just discovered is that in the 92nd Congress Mr. Scherle has a seat on the House Appropriations Committee. Puts things in a new lighght.

■ Quiz time. "Sufficiently high doses of _____



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New York Post

"And if the Attorney General continues to show proper deference, you intend to keep him on?"

can cause unpredictable, acute—although temporary—psychotic episodes manifesting themselves in the form of illusions, hallucinations, paranoia, depression and panic. . . . preliminary research indicates that regular use of _____ or extremely high dosages may cause liver damage, genetic defects, brain damage and upper respiratory ailments." The substance in question is:

A. Alcohol
B. Marijuana
C. George McGovern
D. All of the above

Sorry, heads—the answer is D. The New York State Temporary Commission to Evaluate the Drug Laws is down, very down, on B. So roll 'em thin, kids, and don't overdo; Daddy's cutting back on the sauce, which just leaves George.

■ Just the facts, ma'am. Walter Scott's "Personality Parade," a question-answer column that runs in the mass circulation Sunday supplement *Parade*, bills itself thusly: "Want the facts? Want to spike rumors? Want to learn the truth about prominent personalities? Write Walter Scott . . ." Here's a typical exchange. *Q*. "Will Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew campaign in 1972 the same way they campaigned in 1970?"—Noel Fletcher, Arling-

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". . . and which would you say has contributed most to Your Majesty's invincibility—unflagging defense of pornography and indecency, charges of misbehavior in office or threats of impeachment?"

ton, Va. *A*. "Every man is a victim of his own nature. Mr. Nixon and Mr. Agnew are men with considerable quotients of hostility and aggression. When they feel threatened they strike out. If an electioneering situation obtains in 1972 which threatens their security and position, they will react according to their natures." How's that for truth and facts?

■ Tokyo Rose, where are you now that we need you? David Ifshin, president of the American National Student Association, vacationing in Hanoi for Christmas, broadcast to the American servicemen in South Vietnam a True Account of how things are. You know, the Thieu-Ky wickedness; American capitalists' grinding down the workers; Uncle Ho and the boys as the modern equivalents of American colonists throwing fragmentation grenades at the fascist redcoats; Tricky Dicky nuzzling up to the bigwigs and shafting you and me; Uncle Sam's imperialism; the whole shtick. Mr. Ifshin expects to be drafted but intends to refuse induction, "not because it's an easier course. I'm sure that, with a college degree, I could find a soft position of low danger. . . ." Yeah, like getting the National Student Association to allocate money for Panther appeals funds, or sitting on his hands while non-radical college students are silenced by their NSA-supported peers. Something soft like that ought to do it. Or maybe he could found Radio Free NSA to broadcast liberation messages to the students in Iowa.

■ Massa's in de cold, cold ground—but it ain't cold enough, evidently. How uppity, we mean, now, how really uppity, of Massa Nixon to talk about Negroes in his State of the Union message. No white man can possibly talk about Negroes; that's axiomatic. But in case The Good Word hasn't yet reached you out in White-racistland, check the letter to Mr. Nixon scratched out by twelve Negro congressmen who boycotted the Message last week. Not only is Nixon out of place for mentioning his . . . 25 million fellow citizens of the Negro persuasion, but he must be countered, right now, yesterday if possible, by those self-same exemplars of taste and decorum, the Negro congressmen. So now they demand equal time to respond. Hm. Did Nixon mention the family? Damn straight, he did. We see it now: Gaylib asks for time to respond. Did he talk about military appropriations? Why, then, we better hear from the American Friends Service Committee, equal time, on CBS, ABC, NBC and NET. The mind boggles, but let's be fair now. *Really*, an American President who dares to veer from Shirley Chisholm's line! Impeach!

■ Has the *New York Times* merged with Elizabeth Arden? From their cosmetic job on the Weathermen in recent issues, one might think so. According to the *Times* (where Truth resideth) the Weathermen are now harmless pacifist reformers who have abandoned violence and will opt henceforth for the strewing of flowers, not the detonating of bombs. But in fact the Weatherman "New Morning" statement merely shuffles violence into *a*, rather than *the*, tactic category. Granted, the Weatherfolk have been wise enough to discern that blowing up America doesn't sit too well with some of the less lunatic kiddies. But, after all, "our struggle must be waged on every level, on every front." And they're out to do some of that fashionable bridge-building, in their case with militants of all stripes across the length and breadth of Amerika. "Make Love *and* War," the Weathermen say. Busy, busy Weathermen. Don't think your average WeatherJugend are done with nastiness. Not yet.

■ Leftist Dotson Rader's new novel, *Gov't Inspected Meat*, has been found to contain unsafe quantities of non-nutritive filler by the Pure Food and Drug Administration.

■ Wo men di tong zhi zai, fa-la, guess, kun nan di shi hou, what we got for Christmas, yao kan dao cheng ji, tralala, yao kan dao guang ming, from a friend in Vietnam, yao ti gao wo men di yong qi, hmmmmm? The Thoughts of Mao Tse-tung set to music. On the downbeat, hmmmmm: In Times of Difficulty We Must Not Lose Sight of Our Achievements, Must See the Bright Future and Must Pluck Up Our Courage. Hey yeh no

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dats kain da ka chi, hmmmm. Pluck up our courage. Hroommm.

■ Have you ever noticed that the k-k-kreeps who spell Amerika with a "k" are the same k-k-kommies who hoist Viet Kong flags?

State of the Union

Since the November elections important segments of conservative opinion have perceptibly cooled toward the Nixon Administration. Such conservatives awaited the State of the Union message with gradually rising anger. Careful analysis of the message, however, neither confirms nor dissipates their most serious misgivings, for the political meaning of the various Nixon proposals will not be clear until certain key questions are answered.

1) Do the expenditures envisioned by the message involve a lowered priority for military preparedness? The State of the Union message dealt with "domestic" matters and will be followed by an address on "foreign policy," and by the budget itself, and so the relationship of military expenditures to things like welfare and the environment are not yet clear. It is worth noting that at the beginning of his address the President paid tribute to Sen. Richard Russell as an advocate of "a strong national defense." But nothing further was said about this subject, nothing about the ABM, nothing about the draft and/or the volunteer army, and nothing about space. It remains to be seen, therefore, whether we are witnessing the greening of Richard Nixon.

2) Of the six large initiatives specified in the address, two—programs for the environment and for some sort of health insurance—are to be the subject of future proposals, content as yet undisclosed. On the other four items the President was more specific, yet the important political questions still remain to be raised:

3) On welfare reform. Will the Administration plan replace or merely add to the present system, which the President correctly described as "a monstrous, consuming outrage"? But the present system has entrenched support in Congress and in the welfare bureaucracy and its constituency. As Nixon said, "we must meet the challenge not by pouring more money into a bad program but by abolishing the present welfare system and adopting a new one." Only if the Administration sticks to this line does it deserve conservative support here.

4) On revenue sharing. "The time has now come," said Mr. Nixon, "to reverse the flow of power and resources from the states and communities to Washington and start power and resources flowing back from Washington to the states and communities." To achieve this he wishes to allocate to the states $16 billion, $11 billion of which will be withdrawn from existing federal programs. If this in fact occurs, then hundreds of federal programs —things like urban renewal, model cities, antipoverty grants and the like—presumably would wither away. Excellent. But, in the first place, such a counterrevolution is bound to meet enormous resistance from entrenched interests and fearful bureaucrats. Others, like Wilbur Mills, have serious principled objections, arguing, for example, that to separate the responsibility of taxing from the authority to spend will encourage irresponsibility. Might it not be sounder, and more conservative, to restore to the states and cities the ability to tax which is now largely preempted by Washington?

5) On administrative reorganization. The Nixon proposals have many clear virtues. They would eliminate much of the current duplication of function. They would also allow for a much needed housecleaning all through the bureaucracy, eliminating some or many of those bureaucrats whose chief interest in life seems to be the sabotaging of Administration policies. The specific proposals, however, while perhaps sound from an administrative point of view, may, when examined politically, be too formalistic. Many administrative units—such as Commerce, Labor, Agriculture—came into existence to reflect the interests of real constituencies. The Nixon proposals will have to be carefully scrutinized to ascertain whether the application of administrative logic will paradoxically make government *less* responsive to such constituencies. The "people" to whom government is supposed to respond is, after all, a collection of constituencies.

6) Finally, the "expansionary budget." The political reality here is perfectly plain. Richard Nixon was badly damaged both in 1958 and 1960 by recessions triggered by deflationary policies. Anyone who thinks that he plans to run in 1972 as the architect of Hard Times simply hasn't learned his political ABCs. The important questions here are whether Mr. Nixon can stimulate the economy without triggering unacceptable inflation, what sort of deficit he actually envisages, and, above all, just what that federal money will be spent for.

For the most part, therefore, the State of the Union message was the beginning of a national conversation about long-range directions. It is highly unlikely that the Congress will enact much of the Nixon program into law during this session. The address, therefore, can be read as anticipating the platform on which Nixon will run in 1972.

McGovern: The Meaning

George McGovern's Presidential candidacy is much more important than his current microscopic standing in the polls would suggest. Consider the state of the Vietnamese chessboard. The Nixon Administration is clearly gambling as follows. As U.S. combat forces are withdrawn their places will be taken by South Vietnamese plus U.S. air power: bombers, tactical air support, helicopters. In this way the necessary levels of firepower can be maintained.

This whole approach, however, rests upon a key political assumption—that public opinion in America, while war-weary and unwilling to tolerate significant U.S. combat casualties, will nevertheless not strenuously object to continuing air and logistical operations.

Admiral U. S. Grant Sharp, former Commander in

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"I believe in constitutional dissent . . . But I do not believe that demonstrations, lawful or unlawful, merit my approval or even my silence . . ."

"A society which comes to fear its children is effete. A snivelling, hand-wringing power structure deserves the violent rebellion it encourages."

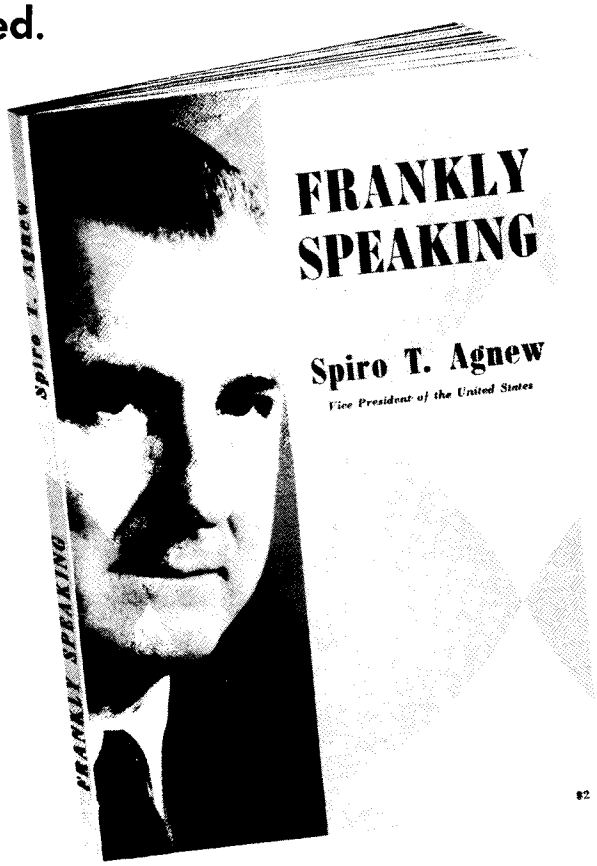
"We seem to be approaching the age of the gross."

"Perhaps the place to start looking for a credibility gap is not in the offices of the government in Washington, but in the studios of the networks in New York."

"I do not overstate the case. If I am aware of the danger, the convicted rapist Eldridge Cleaver is aware of the potential."

"It is worth remembering that our country's founding fathers wisely shaped a constitutional republic, not a pure democracy."

"These arrogant ones and their admirers in the Congress, who reach almost for equal arrogance at times, are . . . asking us to repudiate principles that have made this country great . . . They have a masochistic compulsion to destroy their country's strength."



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"Frankly Speaking" by Vice President Spiro Agnew is an unusual book by a unique Vice President. Never before has a modern Vice President been so outspoken or so bold in his opinions on the most crucial issues facing America. Agnew takes on student radicals, university professors, Vietnam War critics, the TV networks, "The New York Times"—in addition to airing his views on the effectiveness of contemporary education, what a republic should be (and what it **shouldn't** *be), plus many other controversial subjects. This book is a collection of the famous Agnew speeches that you have heard and read so much about—and that have drawn such heavy fire from the liberal establishment. ("Radicalism in Our Midst," "Racism, the South and the New Left," "Impudence in the Streets," "The Politics of Protest," "Education For What?," and "The Responsibilities of Television" to name just a few titles.) This is your chance to find out* **exactly** *what Agnew said at the time. You'll enjoy reading (and quoting from) this lively, fascinating book. Just published, it sells for $2.00.*

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Chief of the Pacific Theater, now retired, has put the case lucidly: After the withdrawal of U.S. combat troops "there will still be many tasks that the South Vietnamese cannot perform because they do not have the equipment or the trained personnel. . . . A number of our helicopter companies will be needed to give the Vietnamese the mobility that is so essential in this type of warfare. . . . In South Vietnam, close air support of the ground troops will be supplied increasingly by the South Vietnamese Air Force as it grows in capability. The long range interdiction of the supply lines in Laos and Cambodia will be a task for American aircraft for the foreseeable future, in my opinion. . . . All of these tasks add up to a considerable amount of air power, ground and carrier based, that cannot be phased out soon. . . . United States units remaining will be protected by our security forces, as they should be."

Viewing all this from the perspective of Hanoi and Moscow, little is to be gained through the withdrawal only of U.S. combat personnel. Therefore the essence of the matter is political, and the key piece on the chessboard is the remaining U.S. supporting elements: They must be withdrawn too. And so, predictably, we have seen the launching of a psywar campaign designed to secure "total withdrawal." The fate of American prisoners of war, Hanoi has begun to stress, will not even be discussed until the U.S. sets a firm date for "total withdrawal." In this phase of the operation we can expect Hanoi to focus increasing attention on the prisoners, who are in effect political hostages. And the theme of total withdrawal will be orchestrated in a variety of ways through the press and the media. (See, for example, the following editorial.)

And here is where George McGovern comes in. "Total Withdrawal" is slated to play the same role in 1971 and 1972 that "Stop the Bombing" did in 1967-1968. And sure enough, in his announcement of candidacy, there was McGovern pulling out precisely the right organ stop: "There is now no way to end [the war] and to free our prisoners except to announce a definite, early date for the withdrawal of every American soldier. I make that pledge without reservation."

This is not to suggest that McGovern takes his cues from Hanoi. Rather, from McGovern's point of view, the immediate political need is to establish a position well to the left of Muskie. Once firmly positioned over there, McGovern will have access to the familiar sources of hardline peace funds and will inherit the McCarthy-Kennedy cadres. All of this may not be enough to wrest the nomination for McGovern, but it will, at a minimum, vastly enhance his political clout, and will enable him to impose much of his position on the Democratic Convention.

Watch in the coming months for the campaign for "total withdrawal" to snowball. Listen, for example, to former Representative Allard Lowenstein speaking last week at the Overseas Press Club. Peace, said Lowenstein, can be achieved by the withdrawal of all United States forces from Indochina, withdrawal of all non-Cambodians from Cambodia (ha-ha) and unconditional release of all Americans held prisoner in the area. No doubt "peace" can be thus achieved.

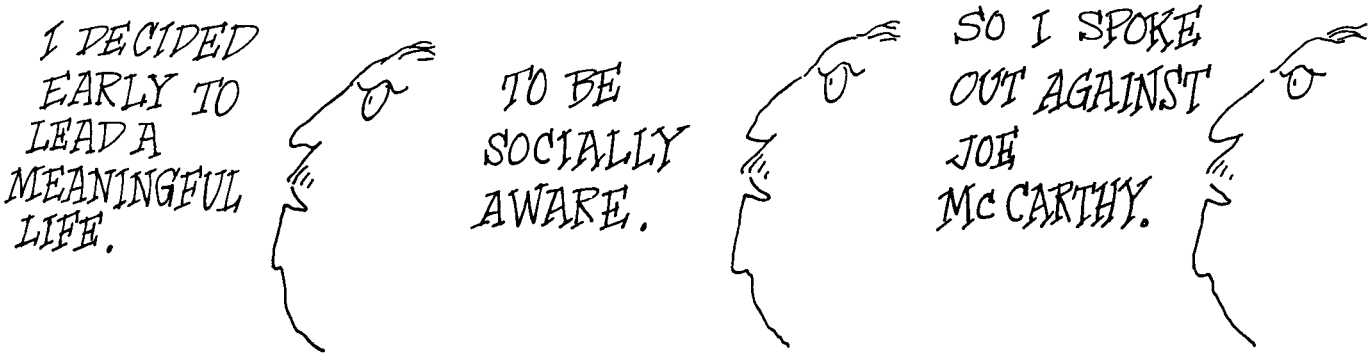
The Liberal

by Robert A. Brandreth

We Hear You, Abe Rosenthal

For a news story to rate five-column treatment on the front page of the Sunday *New York Times* it would have to be pretty important, right? But the piece filed from Bachuc, South Vietnam by Gloria Emerson doesn't seem all that important. Still, there it is, five columns wide, photographs and all. What's going on?

The story concerns what amounts to a minor flap in Bachuc, a village 125 miles west of Saigon, out in the boondocks near Cambodia. The Vietcong used to control the place, but they have now been pushed back into the mountains and are in pretty bad shape. The next step is to clear out a wooded area near the village in order to put an end to infiltration. Normally, bulldozers would be used for this, but they are tied up elsewhere, and so for the time being residents of Bachuc are being conscripted for three-day stints chopping down trees, clearing out the underbrush, and so on. Four such conscripts



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have been killed, and others injured, by Vietcong mines hidden in the wooded area.

Okay, you say, maybe everyone should wait until the bulldozers are available, as the villagers suggest. Or again, maybe not. Says Major Tran Trong Canh, the local commander, "We cannot wait for the bulldozers."

Well, at first glance, this would seem to be a mildly interesting local controversy, one in which it is not easy, at a distance, to decide who is right, the Major or the villagers; a dispute, however, the importance of which diminishes with great rapidity as you move further away from Bachuc, becoming virtually microscopic as you approach the editorial offices of the *New York Times*.

Ah, but read the piece again, and the meaning becomes clearer. Only incidentally is the story about the problems of Bachuc. The real message that comes across is that the war itself—and not, specifically not, merely the American presence in it: notice that no Americans are in action at Bachuc—is intolerable. The story is really a comment on "Vietnamization." It is the fighting itself that must end, not merely American casualties. Notice the photo on the front page, that depicts Tran Thi Nam, "mother of eight," who lost an arm and a leg in a mine blast. Get it? If you support Vietnamization, and continued resistance by the South Vietnamese, you want to blow the limbs off the "mother of eight."

Now Miss Emerson, a talented and lovely reporter, realizes that not every *Times* reader will get the full message and so she provides helpful little glosses in the text of the story itself. Thus Nguyen Van Sam, a Bachuc religious leader, conveniently observes: "Between death and injury death is perhaps easier for us. We are very poor. If a villager loses an arm or a leg his family will suffer for he can no longer work." Translation: If you support Vietnamization, you not only want to blow the limbs off the "mother of eight," you also want the "eight" to starve. And in case, by this time, you are—through some insensitivity—not quite willing to turn yourself in as a war criminal, Miss Emerson ends her story with another quotation from the obliging Nguyen Van Sam: "God cannot hear what we are trying to say," Mr. Sam continued, shaking his head. "We are choked by the hands of the government, so we cannot shout out."

We hear you. American withdrawal is not enough. For the sake of Mr. Sam and the "mother of eight," and especially of the "eight" themselves, the fighting itself must stop—whatever, presumably, the consequences.

The Waldorf Mixes It Up

Mayor Lindsay takes his lumps
When a welfare worker dumps
Blacks among the patrons who
Choose this famous rendezvous.
Integration with the rich
Seems to make the wealthy twitch.
If they find the practice crude,
Will they change their attitude?

W. H. VON DREELE

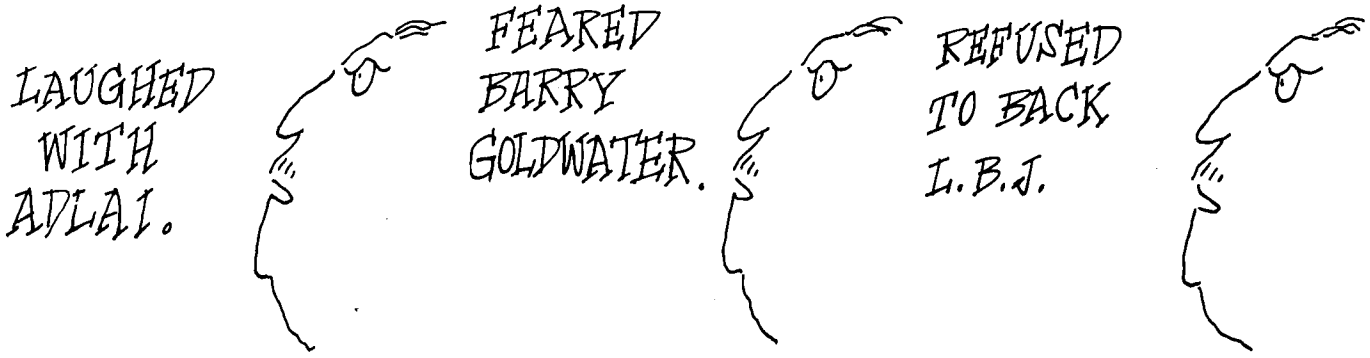
Crisis #578...
Crisis #579...

Since America leads the world in the production of just about everything, perhaps we should not be overly surprised at our impressive ability to manufacture domestic "crises." You know how it is, some enterprising TV producer, congressional subcommittee chairman or imaginative journalist finds a (preferably) Ph.D. chemist (sociologist, economist, biologist) whose research suggests that American society, or some element of it, is imperfect, e.g., "wasteful," "indifferent," "deceitful" or "rapacious." The crisis entrepreneur then presents his witness and statistics in an appropriately dramatic setting and lets the TV cameras and headline writers take over.

As with most other pollutants, America can probably tolerate a good deal of this hot air and even benefit from some small fraction of it. But we may well be reaching a "crisis point" in crises.

Within the past few weeks we have suffered through crises of one sort or another concerning the use of DDT, our children's choice of breakfast cereals, housing and medical care for the poor, mercury levels in tuna fish; and now it's the Senate's Special Committee on Aging and their twin bill presentation of "Poverty among the Elderly," and "Older Americans and Transportation: A Crisis in Mobility."

But take a closer look at the Senate Committee's crea-



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tion, since in most respects it differs only in minor degree from the vast majority of present-day manufactured crises. The Committee's press release features a statistic to the effect that poverty among Americans 65 years and older increased by almost 200,000 between 1968 and 1969, a piece of "information" that was duly picked up by newspaper headline writers all over the country. Concede for the sake of argument that the number "200,000" is correct (although Census Bureau statisticians, well aware of the pitfalls of their profession, are undoubtedly tearing their collective hair over the prominence of this number). To such a frail reed Senator H. A. Williams (N.J.) and his Democratic colleagues (Republican members refused to sign the majority report) were able to attach the adjectives "distressing" and "alarming."

But if you bother to wade through the three-page press release and the accompanying 221-page report, you can determine, on the basis of some obscure tables in the back, the following facts. Between 1960 and 1969 the average income of the elderly household increased by 54 per cent. The number "200,000" doesn't necessarily refer to persons over 65 (it covers "persons living in households" with below poverty-levels of income). The number of households living below the poverty line has decreased by over 11 per cent since 1960.

In other words, on the basis of a questionable interpretation of a short-run statistical aberration, Senator Williams and his Democratic colleagues on the Senate Special Committee for the Aging have created a "crisis," where by all objective criteria, no crisis exists. In fact, an impartial observer would conclude that elderly Americans have never been better off, and that past experience suggests that they are going to be even better provided for in the future, without the massive federal aid Senator Williams ends up recommending.

Wailers, Where Are You Now?

A Lithuanian who tried
To make it to the other side
By hijacking a Russian plane
Is executed for his pain.

W. H. VON DREELE

Manson Convicted

Certain trials possess wide significance, transcending the fates of the individuals directly involved, for the events in the courtroom bring to sharp focus issues, emotions and meanings of profound importance in the nation and beyond. At stake in the Dreyfus case was the prestige and the tradition of the French army, and thus its position in French society, and thus France's position within Europe. In consequence, and regardless of Dreyfus' guilt or innocence, the Dreyfus affair pitted French traditionalists against the French Left on a whole range of issues. As Belloc put it, even if Dreyfus was innocent, the Dreyfusards were guilty. Sacco and Vanzetti, Bruno Richard Hauptmann, Alger Hiss, the Rosenbergs and now, perhaps, Angela Davis—each case touches deep chords in the surrounding life of its time.

Even so with Charles Manson, now convicted along with three of his female followers for the Tate and the LaBianca murders. For Manson has been very widely perceived to be much more than an isolated freak, though freak he certainly is. Rather, it is his representative character that has simultaneously horrified and fascinated a nation. It is not a matter of mere chance, for example, when a high Canadian elected official refers to the murderers of Pierre Laporte as behaving like Manson. And though President Nixon may have slipped when, speaking in Denver, he prematurely convicted Manson, still, there are all kinds of slips, and for a man with Nixon's highly developed perceptions of the body politic such a slip must be interpreted as registering an awareness, at some level of consciousness, that Manson is a national issue, that Manson has political meaning.

As indeed he does. For is not Manson, living in his Death Valley commune, soaking up drugs, dabbling in quirky religious notions, taking his inspiration for the killings and for the supposed race-war to follow from the Beatles' "Helter Skelter," is not Manson, extreme case though he be, also continuous with the mindblown counterculture now all too familiar to us? Those vacant girls, a terrible violence seething just behind their empty grins, a violence perceived and relished by Bernardine Dohrn—are they not eerily familiar, drifting through time and space, coagulating in transient ar-

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rangements on the fringes of the campus or in the bohemian ghettos?

So hideously representative is Manson that it is difficult to recall his humanity, to recall, for example, that he was actually ever a little boy. "If Charles wanted money to go to the pictures," recalls his mother prosaically in a newspaper interview, "he'd come and get it from me, and then he'd get it from his grandmother and from my sister, too." Or: "Charles was never a rough little boy. He was too tender-hearted to fight or do anything violent. He wouldn't even whip his dog."

But the child fades, and the too-familiar, the representative Manson becomes the reality, proliferating relations all through the culture of the 1960s. John Lennon, for example, one of the Beatles themselves, remains a pop hero; but his self-revelations in his *Rolling Stone* interview set up reverberations. Lennon thinks he's a genius comparable to Shakespeare, has been on drugs, followed the Maharishi, participated in orgies—only Lennon, instead of curving off into complete mania, seems to be returning to the real world.

May it not also be true, just because Manson has been so widely perceived as representative, perceived as the terminal stage of a disease from which an entire subculture has been suffering, that he has dealt that subculture a mortal blow, broken its spirit. The Tate killings, the drug suicides of Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix—all coalesce to shed an eerie light on Doing Your Own Thing. That is where the flowers have gone.

Richard Russell, R I P

When Richard Russell was reaching for the Presidency in the 1950s, wags used to predict that the University of Chicago would have a Jewish president before the United States would elect a real Southerner to the White House. They were right. And Georgia's Senator Russell felt the slight until the end of his days. Respected by all his Senate colleagues, supporters and antagonists alike, Richard Russell might have become President, Harry Truman said, if only he had been from Indiana or Missouri or Kentucky. "I would support you if I could, but we just can't put a Southerner on top of this ticket," a powerful Democrat chieftain told Russell at the Chicago Convention in 1952. They could choose a lesser man from neighboring Alabama for the bottom of the ticket, but Richard Russell was not seriously considered for the top spot in 1952, or ever. Northern regionalism, it might have been called, had the term existed then.

"One of America's greatest sons . . . this great patriot," President Nixon observed of the Dean of the Senate with genuine sadness at the news of his death last week. Russell came to prominence in Georgia politics while only in his twenties and won election as governor at thirty-two. He entered the Senate in 1933 as a strong supporter of Franklin Roosevelt, but by the 1950s had moved rightward. In 1951, Russell helped calm America during the confusing, bitter weeks of the MacArthur hearings, which he chaired with fairness and absolute honesty.

He was the ablest and perhaps the last of the orthodox Southern conservatives, a man devoted to his country, personally without blemish, incorruptible, for whom the Senate was everything, and to be given his everything. His last vote was to rescue his party from its current Senate Whip, Edward Kennedy, and transfer that office to an abler Senator, Robert Byrd of West Virginia. His last sustained act of reverence for his country was his support, despite earlier misgivings, of America's venture in Southeast Asia, once the United States had accepted that responsibility. "Where the flag is committed, I am committed," Senator Russell believed and more than once declared. And he never wavered in his determination to keep America militarily strong.

Richard Russell was the finest parliamentarian in the Senate during this century. He was a superb debater, a scholar of the procedures of his legislative chamber, a gentleman in a body of men where the old virtues have been dying even more quickly than the old men who exemplified them. But he was also a racialist of the old school, and although anything but a demagogue, a white supremacist even though he was aware that such a position was self-defeating. A New South is coming, a South where Richard B. Russell could never have thrived. A South without Richard Russells may well be a better place for racial relations, but it will be an emptier, and maybe a less noble, region. The President Pro Tempore of the Senate, "Richard Brevard Russell, Democrat, of Winder, Ga."—his own complete entry in the *Congressional Directory*—is dead at 73 of emphysema and lung cancer.

D. BRUDNOY

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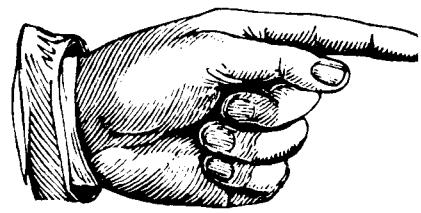
WHAT'S AHEAD IN 1971?

Will capital punishment be declared unconstitutional?
Will Jackie file for divorce?
Will Franco be out?
Will a major airline go broke?
Will there be a woman in the Cabinet?

Will You Win $500.00 AND THE TITLE PROPHET OF THE YEAR?



Once again, NATIONAL REVIEW offers its readers and friends the chance to play prophet—and, perhaps, to win $500.00. That's the prize earmarked for the winner of our 1971 "Prophet of the Year" contest. There's a $250 prize for place, and $100 for show.

IT'S EASY TO ENTER—simply mark each statement on the entry form opposite "True" or "False." Fill in the rest of the form, send it to us, and start watching the headlines to see how your prophecies turn out.

BUT ACT NOW—all entries must be postmarked no later than March 13, 1971, to be eligible. The form opposite, or a facsimile thereof, is a valid entry form. The winner will be named as soon after December 31, 1971, as entries can be graded. Judges will be the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, and their decision will be final. In the event of a tie or ties, the entry with the closest-to-correct answer to the tie-breaking question will be the winner. (Employees of NATIONAL REVIEW and associated enterprises, and their families, are not eligible to enter; the contest is void where prohibited by law.)

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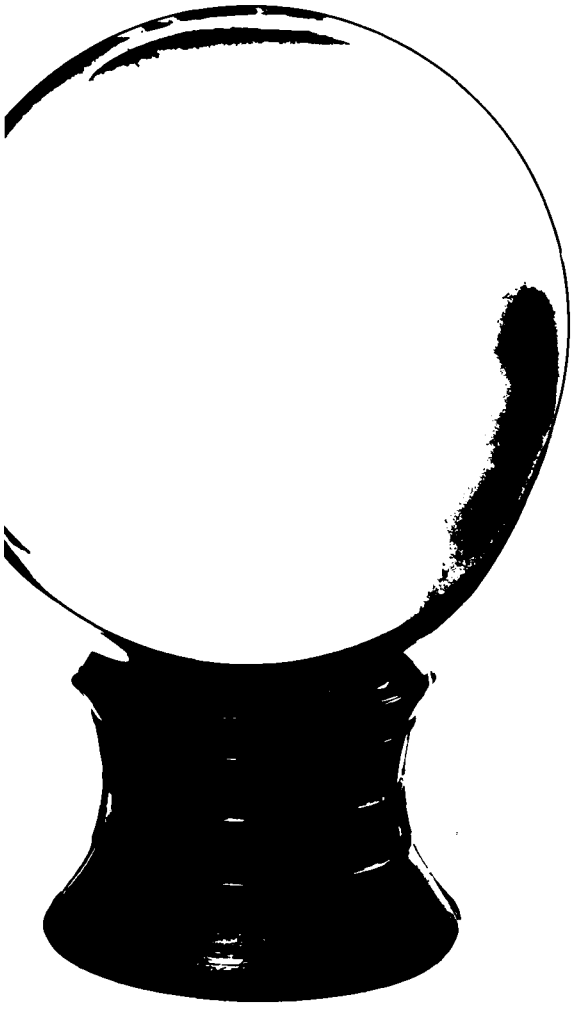

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CONTESTANT'S NAME *(please print)*

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QUESTIONS for 1971 PROPHET OF THE YEAR contest

Assuming that the following statements refer to the calendar year 1971 and that the date is December 31, 1971, mark each of them "True" or "False" by placing an X in the proper box:

	TRUE	FALSE
1 The jury returned a verdict in the trial of Angela Davis.	☐	☐
2 At least one of the following magazines stopped publication: *Life, Time, Look, McCall's, Holiday, New York, Ladies Home Journal, National Review.*	☐	☐
3 The consumer's price index rose less than 5 per cent.	☐	☐
4 A political kidnaping occurred in the United States.	☐	☐
5 Muhammad Ali (Cassius Clay) won his Supreme Court appeal.	☐	☐
6 President Nixon has appointed a woman to his Cabinet.	☐	☐
7 At least two of the following died: Howard Hughes, Pablo Casals, Nikita Khrushchev, Harold Macmillan, Linus Pauling, Pope Paul VI, Marc Chagall.	☐	☐
8 Walter Cronkite has retired as anchor man of CBS evening news.	☐	☐
9 At least one more state (in addition to Nevada) legalized gambling casinos.	☐	☐
10 Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon have officially separated.	☐	☐
11 Bernardine Dohrn was arrested.	☐	☐
12 At least three of the following announced their candidacies for the 1972 Democratic Presidential nomination: Birch Bayh, Harold Hughes, Fred Harris, John W. Gardner, Henry Jackson, Ramsey Clark, Edward Kennedy, John Lindsay, Lester Maddox, Abbie Hoffman.	☐	☐
13 The Supreme Court declared capital punishment unconstitutional.	☐	☐
14 A major U.S. airline ("trunk line") went bankrupt.	☐	☐
15 Jacqueline Onassis filed for divorce.	☐	☐
16 No title in the *New York Times Book Review*'s fiction best-seller list for Jan. 3, 1971 appears in the list for Dec. 26, 1971.	☐	☐
17 The Baltimore Colts finished ahead of the New York Jets in their division of the National Football League.	☐	☐
18 General Franco is no longer Spain's chief of state.	☐	☐
19 Ralph Nader was sued.	☐	☐
20 George Wallace stated publicly that he would run for President in 1972.	☐	☐
21 Yale beat Harvard in football.	☐	☐
22 Unemployment, as of December 1971, was under 5 per cent.	☐	☐
23 Congress adjourned for 1971 prior to Election Day (Nov. 2).	☐	☐
24 Joe Namath did not play football in the autumn season.	☐	☐
25 One of the following college football teams was undefeated in regular season play: Texas, Dartmouth, Nebraska.	☐	☐

Tie-breaking question: *The closing Dow Jones industrial average at the end of 1971 was* _____.

(In the case of any dispute, ambiguity or confusion, the decision of the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW *will be final.)*

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CATO

IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, AT THAT

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Agnew-watchers expect a series of major speeches during the next few weeks that will signal a decisive shift to the left. But the projected new Agnew image—the healer, the concerned man, the advocate of the oppressed—may backfire. Said a staffer for one conservative GOP senator, "The voters are going to think this is another public relations gimmick, and it is."

More substantively worrying: a developing shuffle in the Vice President's staff. Though the debris has not settled, reliable sources report that the Vice President will be getting much more liberal advice from now on. One observer believes that Agnew will eventually react to the shift in his image, not so much from grounds of political principle as from a belief that he is used too much like silly putty. "He has a finite tolerance of being programmed," commented one source. "Even as the President's man, there is a limit to the amount he can be pushed around."

■ What is unusual after the Kennedy defeat is how little either Kennedy or the media were prepared for it. The takeover by West Virginia's Robert Byrd of the post of Majority Whip took place, according to one Democrat, "in broad daylight." Still, no one, not even Byrd, is sure where the extraordinary margin of seven votes (31-24) came from.

When Kennedy defeated Russell Long for Whip two years ago, the *Washington Post* was able to print a breakdown of the votes in the next morning's paper. This year the *Post* was told by 27 offices that their senators had backed Kennedy. Kennedy got 24 votes. No one, least of all his opponents for the 1972 Presidential nomination, wants to take credit (or blame) for doing the Senator in.

Some of Byrd's support is obvious. He got all the doubtfuls he needed and held together his Southern bloc, including Harry Byrd (Va.) and John Stennis (Miss.), both of whom theoretically faced challenges to their membership in the party caucus. He also received the crucial vote of Senator Richard Russell (Ga.), whose proxy support Byrd credited with keeping him in the race. Russell died three hours after Byrd's victory. It is ironic that the Senate's great Southern patriarch struck a dying blow at the symbol of ailing American liberalism.

Byrd landed both of the liberal senators from Washington, Warren Magnuson (by proxy) and potential Presidential contender Henry Jackson. Magnuson and Jackson were annoyed at Ted Kennedy's efforts to scuttle the SST.

The source of the two or three key votes that beat Kennedy is still a mystery. One of them was probably John Pastore (R.I.), publicly a Kennedy backer, but increasingly committed to Byrd in recent weeks. Usually reliable sources report that two votes Kennedy had counted on, but in the event lost, were those of Harold Hughes (Iowa) and Stuart Symington (Mo.). The Symington defection to Byrd was cited by several observers as probable, but Hughes insists he remained in the Kennedy corner. But still there are more votes against Kennedy unaccounted for, and of the possible Presidential candidates (excepting Jackson), Hughes is the one most likely to have backed Byrd.

Of the votes that beat Kennedy, some were doubtless "stalking-horse" votes—senators who backed Byrd in order to boost a favorite candidate for the '72 nomination by bumping Kennedy. Pastore may have served this function for Edmund Muskie, effectively scuttling Kennedy but sparing Muskie the seeming small-mindedness of voting against a potential opponent.

Before the vote Kennedy staffers treated the Byrd challenge with contempt. Their allies in the press also ignored the contest. In a remarkable *mea culpa*, WTOP (CBS, Washington) political reporter Carolyn Lewis noted that Byrd won partly because liberal commentators had let their conservative sources dry up and "weren't interested" in just how many commitments Byrd had. Members of Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield's staff had seen the Kennedy defeat coming—and few of them were sorry. But Senator Philip Hart (Mich.) shed real tears after the caucus. Edward Kennedy, red-faced and unsmiling when he went up to take the oath of office less than an hour later, canceled a number of engagements for the rest of the week.

■ IN AND AROUND WASHINGTON: Virginia judges, most of them Byrd Democrats, pointedly ignored GOP Governor Linwood Holton at a recent bar gathering. The judges resent Holton's resistance to the ecumenical efforts of Northern Virginia Republican Congressman Joel Broyhill and his attempts to bypass Byrd people in his recommendations for federal appointments. . . . Former Wyoming Congressman John Wold, who gave up his safe seat at President Nixon's request to oppose incumbent Democrat Gale McGee for the Senate, came to Washington and went home empty-handed. Unlike most other GOP losers who gave up House seats, Wold apparently won't be getting another job very soon. . . . Even the staffers of Howard Baker (R. Tenn.) didn't believe Baker had the votes to beat Senate Majority Leader Hugh Scott before the caucus at which Scott was re-elected. Baker's own count identified twenty safe votes (accurate) and seven undecideds (all committed to Scott). Because of his poor arithmetic, Baker may not be able to build enough support for another try in the next few years. . . . One reason Morris Udall did not do better against Hale Boggs in the Democratic leadership fight: he was opposed by AFL-CIO lobbyist Andrew Biemiller because, in 1965, he voted against repeal of the right-to-work provision of the Taft-Hartley Act. □

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JAMES BURNHAM

ARE AMERICAN BLACKS NATIVES?

THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT— Frantz Fanon was a French-speaking black, born in Martinique in 1925. He took medical degrees in France, specializing in psychiatry, and was assigned to a hospital in Algeria during the French-Algerian war. He supported the revolutionary side. In 1961 he died in Washington.

Fanon's first book, *Black Skin, White Masks*, was published in 1952. In Algeria he wrote *A Dying Colonialism* and *The Wretched of the Earth*. The latter has become a primary text of New Left revolutionaries, but particularly of revolutionary blacks in this country.

Though I have referred to *The Wretched of the Earth*, I did not read it through until a couple of weeks ago. It has the usual marks of its genre: exaggeration, bias, inflated rhetoric, selective indignation, a cavalier treatment of inharmonious facts. But it has a good deal more than these: insights, often embodied in wonderfully concrete observations or images, that open up compelling perspectives on complicated events; a ruthless stripping of sham and self-delusion; a grasp of the relation between day-by-day incidents and larger processes.

Fanon is writing about colonial nationalist revolution, taking for raw material especially the revolution he was seeing and experiencing in Algeria, but also drawing on sub-Saharan Africa and, occasionally, Latin America or Asia. He traces psychically as well as politically and strategically the phases through which the struggle between colonialists and the native people develops into the nationalist war of liberation; nor does the revolution end, for Fanon, with formal independence.

What Sort of Model?

In reading this book I found myself time and again wondering: Does the model of colonial nationalist revolution apply to the black-white situation in our country? Are the blacks here the "natives" of the model, and the whites the "colonialists" (combining the role of "settler" and "mother country")? Is there a "black nationalism" and "black nation"?

Undoubtedly there are in our case differences from the standard exemplars of the model. For one thing, our whites —or more exactly, some lines of our whites—are in a literal geographic sense as much "natives" as our blacks. And our blacks, in contrast to the nation in the typical case, are a minority. But do these differences touch the essence?

In the United States there exist the two communities, separate though overlapping, sharply distinguished racially as well as economically, politically and socially. The two are unlike also psychologically, morally, spiritually. In wealth, power and privilege, one community has been dominant over the other for three hundred years and is still dominant. In our time the subject community has begun its struggle against that dominance. Am I not describing in the most profound senses the relationship of colonialists and natives? A hundred times in reading Fanon's book I was struck by the relevance of his words about the behavior, attitude, action, doctrine, maneuvers, emotions of one or the other community in Algeria to our white-black interrelationship.

A nation is not a piece of territory or a static object, but a living reality that is created through the struggle and must be continuously re-created. There was no Algerian nation three decades ago. There was no nation of the United States, white or black, three centuries ago, though there was the germ of a nation.

The question whether the colonial model holds for us is supremely important because the model indicates that when the colonial situation develops to the stage of "national liberation struggle," there has to be a decision: the natives must win or be defeated, since the goal of the struggle—self-rule, independence—by its nature excludes compromise. In the standard model, achieving the goal means that the native forces take over rule from the settlers (colonialists), and the nation becomes independent of "the mother country."

How can we translate this into American terms? Without control of territory the nation remains embryonic. It is unlikely that our natives can take over the central government in the standard liberation pattern—though all things are possible, and the natives seem to have an immense superiority in morale over the settlers. But is it inconceivable that our natives should win control and at least a limited sovereignty over certain pieces of territory within our present boundaries? It is not only conceivable. It is happening, and there is no reason to suppose it impossible for these native conquests to expand in both degree and extent of control. ("Welcome to the nation's black capital. This is without question the liberated zone," said the first black sheriff of Greene County, Alabama last month, as black officials were sworn into a majority of the county's offices.)

Why Not?

If a nation composed of noncontiguous territories seems odd at first thought, it has many precedents. An empire is usually so. Today there is Pakistan, with a big slice of India between its east and west. The Bantustans are beginning to take on reality within the boundaries of South Africa. A map of the conceivable future Black Nation might look closest to the map of Indonesia, with the islands separated by land instead of sea.

Is it even conceivable that development along such lines offers a "solution" to our corrosive race problem more promising, because less arbitrary and ideological, more spontaneous and pragmatic, than those we have so long been footlessly pursuing? It seems to me at the very least worthwhile to ask ourselves these questions. □

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LETTER FROM SPAIN

No Firing Squads in Spain

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

THE BURGOS TRIAL demonstrated just how little the world knows about the Basques. Their language, unrelated to any existing tongue, has long been the despair of linguists. All we know for certain is that they are the last of an ancient race that, before the advent of the Celts, inhabited parts of Western Europe and the British Isles. Having no history, they must be regarded as a non-historic people. Still, they are a highly gifted race. St. Ignatius Loyola was a Basque, as are Miguel de Unamuno, Pio Barroja, and many of the political leaders of Argentina and Chile.

Eighty per cent of all Basques live in Spain, and they share a number of traits with most Spaniards, among them religious and political extremism and a strong aversion for the middle of the road. But Basques also cherish the notion that theirs is a special role in the Spanish community. "They are a blessed people—unless they are annoyed," runs one old proverb. Their three provinces —Vizcaya, Guipuzcoa and Alava— in the past have always enjoyed special privileges, and it is the loss of these privileges that lies at the root of the present troubles.

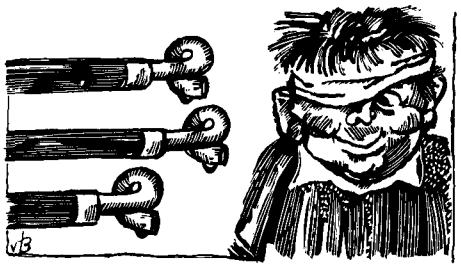
Disunity and centrifugal tendencies have continually characterized Basque history. In the eighteenth century the Basque provinces were strongly pro-Hapsburg. In the nineteenth century anti-Madrid Basques rallied to the highly conservative Carlist cause. And in the twentieth century, the resistance to central government took another form: The Basques, rather perversely, combined their fervent Catholic faith with socialist convictions and fought for the Republicans against the Nationalists. As a result, the victorious Nationalists were not inclined to be sympathetic to the notion of "special privileges," which the Basques had enjoyed during the days of the Second Republic. The new regime was centralist, completely opposed to regional autonomy. And now, of course, with the three Basque provinces integrated into an increasingly industrialized Spanish economy, the idea of secession is more impossible than ever.

The curious mixture of economic realism and a disposition for hard work with a dreamy mysticism that characterizes the Basques often results in other-worldly extremism such as that displayed by the ETA separatists. But one should remember that the ETA (the Basque nationalist organization) is backed by only a small group of *exaltados*, who manifest what Spaniards call the Great Basque Madness.

But when considering the trial of the sixteen Basque terrorists, their sentences, and the final reprieve by Franco, one must transcend problems of local color and view the whole matter in a larger context. Others certainly did. Some European newspapers, for instance, called the whole near-tragedy a contrived drama, with Generalissimo Franco cast in the role of *deus ex machina*. He was also accused of staging the huge demonstrations in favor of his government.

Such accusations are absurd. From the beginning, the commutation of the death sentences was obviously in the cards. To create martyrs would have been a major political gaffe, and Franco is no political novice. (And let no one believe that a huge sector of the Spanish public was not in favor of the death sentence and solidly behind the regime. Three Spanish officials, after all, had been murdered, and murder is not taken lightly in Spain.)

We must also remember that not only the Falangist minority but also a majority of the Spanish public supports Franco, who first of all modernized the country and then ushered in an age of prosperity, the greatest Spain has experienced in centuries. Franco is the man, like it or not, who brought Spain into Europe and Europe into Spain. There was no doubt a certain amount of organization behind the demonstrations, but there was also a great deal of genuine enthusiasm, as well as a healthy dose of indignation over foreign pressures. Resentment against foreigners meddling in Spanish affairs has not been so strong since 1946. Spanish national pride should never be underestimated.



To many Spaniards, ETA members seem like mad dogs trying to kill the golden egg-laying goose. And although some intellectuals and artists still do not accept the government, the masses do. The old formula—Franco gets the support of the army, the Church and the rich landowners—is no longer valid. Franco has lost many of his old backers, but has gained enormously in popularity among the masses, who have never been so prosperous.

ALL THIS is not to suggest, of course, that problems did not arise as the result of the Generalissimo's actions. A number of military men were upset by Franco's decision to commute the death sentences, and the Falangists, who wanted blood, were bitterly disappointed. Whether the commutations represent a victory for the Opus Dei members of the cabinet remains to be seen. The State Council as well as the Crown Council recommended leniency, as did Don Juan Carlos, the heir presumptive. After all, as Montesquieu has pointed out, virtue ought to characterize the republic, clemency the monarchy. And one does not restore a monarchy in the shadow of firing squads.

All in all, Franco played his hand remarkably well. He led from strength, showed mercy and, without suggesting weakness, managed to quench the fires of separatist emotion which had begun to rage among the Basques when the sentences were first announced. And his action had a great deal to do with forcing the hands of Soviet authorities who could hardly have executed the two Jewish would-be hijackers should Franco decide against the death sentences. The workers' paradise must show itself at least as merciful as the regime Communists everyhere regard as the ultimate evil. □

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COVER STORY

On the Way to the Moon Shot

JOHN DOS PASSOS

THERE ARE DATES when history turns a corner. December 24, 1968 was such a date. Ever since the discovery of atomic power men had been tortured by the fear that science had unleashed forces beyond human power to control. The success of the Apollo series of flights is proving that the achievements of scientific technology can be directed with undreamed of precision. Man is reaching for mastery over matter. On December 24, 1968 three men, cool at the controls, detached enough to make humorous cracks as they went along, proved they could command the intricate energies technology had placed at their disposal. Our thinking about the universe, about life on earth can never be the same since that moment when the astronauts of Apollo 8 orbiting the moon paused from their routine at the keyboards of the spaceship to look back tenderly over two hundred and forty thousand miles of emptiness at the tiny blue earth which was their home: "the only touch of color in the universe."

Their voices instantaneously reaching the earth, as clear as if heard from an adjoining room, shattered all preconceived notions of space and time. Mankind was on the threshold of a new beginning. The words they chose to express their emotion came from the beginnings of the civilization which had nurtured the minds that made the journey possible. Before blastoff Frank Borman had typed out the first chapter of Genesis on fireproof paper. Genesis means beginning. It is not often that a great moment in history finds the right words to express it. This time it did.

As they looked down on the steep craters and the brutal ranges and erratic zigzagging canyons on the moon's colorless face passing below them, there had come a moment of real apprehension. They were out of communication and behind the moon. Would the control systems set off the rockets at the right time that were to snap them out of the moon's orbit into their path toward the earth? No one had ever tried this before. They were confident but not quite sure. Would all systems go? They did. Just after midnight on Christmas morning, James Lovell's voice came into the Houston control center loud and clear: "Please be informed there is a Santa Claus."

The homespun phrase, echo of generations of innocent American childhoods, expressed the relief, the exultation, but also the humbleness of victory. The paramount problem of space travel: how to come back, was solved. A manned landing on the moon was assured.

"What good will it do?" people ask. "Couldn't the money be better spent on earth? Is it worth all that expenditure and effort to coop a man up in a spacesuit so that he can take a few steps in that desert?"

The answer is not fame or fortune. The answer is not that men are impelled to the moon, like the first man to climb to the top of Everest, "Just because it is there." The answer is not: "We do this for national glory," or to prove that some system of political-economic organization works better than some other system. The answer is that by his very nature, man has to know.

IN OUR CENTURY we have seen everything that is hideous in man come to the fore: obsessed leaders butchering helpless populations, the cowardice of the led, the shoddy self-interest, the easy hatreds that any buffoon can arouse who bellows out the slogans, public derision of everything mankind has learned through the centuries to consider decent and true; but now, all at once, like the blue and white stippled bright earth the astronauts saw rise above the rim of the moon's grisly skeleton, there emerges a fresh assertion of man's spirit.

We live in a time when scientism has been foisted as a non-religion on most of the human race. People have been taught to grovel before the word science. We musn't forget that science is just Latin for knowledge. The passion for knowledge constantly brushes aside the established dogmas of the day to seek the reality beyond. Each smallest addition to human knowledge makes it clear that nobody knows very much about anything. Your first cry when you studied a photograph of a lunar crater brought back by Apollo 10 was "I didn't know it was like that." The literary imagination has been pretty good in forecasting discoveries, but not all the science fiction in the paperbacks could have forecasted the astonishment, the awe, the feeling of your heart turning a somersault inside you, you felt when you first saw the photograph of the lovely living earth rising above the dead horizon of the moon.

We know a great deal about certain aspects of reality. About other aspects we know almost nothing. The most experienced astronomers' view of the universe is as full of gaps and mysteries as the medieval world maps where the engraver filled in the blank spaces with storm-lashed galleons and elegantly delineated sea monsters. Our present ignorance of the universe is intolerable to the best minds. There are many things we need to know about our own solar system. Some key to more precise knowledge may lie within the radius of the first faltering steps the astronauts of Apollo 11 will make on the lunar surface.

The most exhilarating thing about the moon flights is the hardly believable speed with which so much has been accomplished. Barely eight years have gone by since the Apollo program, at President Kennedy's request, was authorized by Congress. The repercussions of the Russian breakthrough with their first sputnik in 1957 had given a great boost to rocketry in America. The NASA program was set up soon after to put the American space program on a civilian basis.

President Kennedy lightheartedly named 1970 as a target date for a lunar landing but none of the experimenters with rocketry had the faintest idea of how it could be done. No spacecraft large enough for the trip had yet been developed. When it was invented how could the men aboard be kept alive? How could they be brought back? Time was lost in calculating the hazards of landing a whole rocket on some smooth place on the lunar sur-

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face. Then gradually, out of random sketches of blackboards, the idea developed of a lunar vehicle which would carry the men down to a landing and then rejoin a spacecraft in orbit. Pure conjecture. First, programs had to be arranged to test the possibility of rendezvous, the docking of one vehicle with another in the outer darkness.

Each program, as it turned out, stood on the shoulders of the last. The Vanguard experiments, the Explorer probes, the Mercury and Gemini manned orbital missions, brought answers to hundreds of questions. An artificial environment could be produced on a spacecraft in which men could live and function. In spite of the encumbrance of space suits they could perform the complicated maneuvers in the Gemini Agena program. Electronic guidance of space vehicles could be refined to an incredible degree. Crews could keep in touch with earth stations by voice and picture across astronomical distances and come back undamaged.

When the technicians reviewed the performance of the Apollo 8 flight in December 1968, they discovered that the combined booster rockets and spacecraft had attained 99.9999 per cent efficiency. Out of something like five million separate parts there were only five minor malfunctions. This hardly hoped for perfection speeded the program immensely. The Apollo 9 and 10 missions followed in quick succession, rehearsals to test the capabilities of men and machines to accomplish a descent to the moon's inhospitable face.

HOW WAS IT POSSIBLE to accomplish so much so soon?

Finding men willing to take a chance in space was no problem at all. Scores of test pilots and military and naval flyers were ready to volunteer. It was a question of picking the men who seemed physically and mentally best qualified and putting them into training. The astronaut turned out to be a rather special sort of man. Just to keep their spirits up, the Apollo 10 crew asked to be allowed to do as much stunt flying as they wanted during the week before the launching date. They said barrel rolls and the like would season their stomachs.

In producing the hardware needed for an enterprise that man had barely dreamed of up to that moment the planners could draw on the experience of the industrial coordination which had been the cornerstone of victory in World War II. Scores of committees argued out scores of problems, but these were not routine committees; the scientists who manned them were spurred on by a sort of racetrack enthusiasm. In the moon race American inventors were kept on their toes by the need to compete—this time, fortunately, in peaceful terms—with the industrial complex and the keen Russian brains at the Kremlin's command. Science is a sport as well as a discipline. Engineers, researchers in rare metals, computer programmers, welders, the seamstresses who cut out the spacesuits, the errand boys in the offices, caught fire from the notion of a race to the moon. People tended to do just a little more than was expected of them in the service of so rare an adventure.

American industry has reached a point where it can custom-build metals and plastics to almost any specifications. The innumerable varieties of novel materials the programs demanded, which were produced by thousands of different contractors in virtually every state in the Union, could never have been collected at the time or the place where they were needed without the refinement of management which computers made possible. The flight control and vehicle assembly complexes at Cape Kennedy had at their disposal the greatest potential for the storing and processing of data ever marshalled.

A new art, computers are the field for the young. The average age of the engineers engaged in computer work for the moon flight is twenty-three. Using methods improvised almost overnight an investigator can in an instant bring under his magnifying glass any event he needs to scrutinize in the chain of supply. In a matter of seconds the pedigree of a faulty valve can be tracked back to the lathe it was finished on and even to the ores that went into its manufacture. Management, from being a rule of thumb proposition, approaches an exact science.

Throughout history the human spirit has advanced unevenly. The best brains and the most ardent imaginations tend to face one challenge at a time, leaving other sectors to stagnation and degeneracy on the eternal battlefield where man struggles to dominate the evil within him and the impartial pressures of his material environment. The landing on the moon in the summer of 1969 may well inaugurate a period when the most fruitful human effort converges on space exploration. Already the technology developed for the accomplishment of the Apollo program can be seen as a permanent achievement available for the solution of a hundred different problems.

The most ignorant layman bussed through the installations at Cape Kennedy can't help but be stirred by the feeling that knowledge is being expanded dizzily fast all around him. After this the world, the universe will look different to him. Some astonished awareness of the great implications must account for the emotion people show on the packed viewing stands as they follow the countdown on each lunar flight. The families on the beaches, the groups with field glasses and telescopes along the shores of the Indian River wait tense with excitement as the minutes tick away. "This is like pioneering in the old days," fathers tell their children. "You are going to see something no man has ever seen before."

With each successive launching the tension has risen. Apollo 11 is the climax. All the rest were practice heats. Through the long apprehension of the countdown a myriad anxious eyes watch the gleaming white pencil wrapped in its dainty plume of steam on the launching pad miles away.

"Two minutes, thirty-six seconds and counting . . . all systems go." Ears throb in anticipation, hearts beat a tattoo. Suppose something went wrong. "Thirty seconds and counting." Now the fire. Red and yellow flames. The great white pencil lifts itself slowly out of its billow of brown smoke. That enormous rumbling roar fills the sky. Faster, higher. The flaming rocket curves into the clouds. Frantic throats answer the jet engines' roar only to be hushed when the quiet workday voices of the spaceship's crew take over the radio. Worldwide, uncounted millions of television viewers join in a prayer for the men in that golden bullet. In every one of them the need to know, the smoldering spirit of adventure, buried deep down under the routine of every day, flares for a moment like the rocket engine into soaring flame. □

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POLAND

The whys and wherefores of Poland's quiet revolution.
Why did Gomulka, that iron man, lose out?
Will Edward Gierek, the new leader, be able to perform
the economic miracles to keep him, too, in power?

The Iron Triangle Wobbles

JAMES K. ANDERSON

"TA SAMA SPOLKA I GOMULKA" was a wry little rhyme going the rounds in Poland less than six months after Wladyslaw Gomulka came to power on the crest of a wave of popularity unprecedented for a Communist leader. That was at the height of Poland's "bloodless October revolution" in 1956 that followed the "bread-and-freedom" riots in Poznan the preceding June.

To all appearances, however, Gomulka's recent resignation as first secretary of the Polish United Workers Party—the official name of Poland's ruling Communist organization, the Polish Communist Party being a pro-Mao group operating out of Tirana—will not bring in *"ta sama spolka bez Gomulka,"* the same old gang without Gomulka.

Poland's new rulers have moved quickly to bolster the country's sagging economy and it is likely they will attempt to infuse life into the creaky machinery of the Council for Mutual Economic Assistance, COMECON, the Soviet bloc's counterpart of the Common Market. They are well aware that the force of public opinion brought them to power at the end of 1970, just as it did Gomulka fourteen years earlier and that its riotous expression in a Communist society, lacking the outlets familiar in the West, can be a powerful factor.

Significantly, the rioting, which broke out on the heels of drastic price increases introduced to curtail purchases of goods in short supply, was centered along Poland's Baltic coast. The Baltic cities of Szczecin (the former German Stettin), Gdansk (Danzig, remembered as the immediate cause of World War II. The Nazi-inspired slogan "we won't die for Danzig" was aimed at morally disarming France and it was Hitler's

code word for the 1940 invasion of France), and Gdynia, the port the Poles built in the interwar years, are the centers of Poland's ailing shipbuilding industry. Although a fifth of the Soviet merchant fleet is Polish-built, Poland's shipbuilding industry is suffering from antiquated equipment and parts shortages that require purchases from abroad with an accompanying loss of hard currency.

Last July, Gomulka and Premier Josef Cyrankiewicz, who has been kicked upstairs to the ceremonial post of Chairman of the Council of State, similar to a figurehead president, warned that Poland had to keep pace with foreign competitors in shipbuilding. As an exporter of ships, Poland dropped from fifth place in 1968 to eighth in 1969, even though tonnage of Polish ships sold abroad rose 11.3 per cent in 1969.

Compare these figures with the boost in Danish sales of 49.1 per cent, Yugoslavia's 55.3 per cent and Holland's 96.2 per cent. Worldwide, ship construction rose by 15 per cent in 1969; Poland's dropped by 5 per cent. For one thing, Poland is not equipped to build express ships or the large tankers needed because of the closing of the Suez Canal.

Because Poland's only drydock, in Gdynia, capable of building the large tonnage ships needed by foreign countries, is booked with orders to 1975 from Polish, Soviet and Norwegian shipping lines, Poland stands to lose about a million tons of potential shipbuilding business. So critical has the situation become in Poland's shipbuilding industry that 28 directors of concerns involved in it were fired or demoted in 1969 for irregularities.

The appointment of Piotr Jaroszewicz, a vice premier since 1952, as Premier to replace Cyrankiewicz, whose 23 years as premier were said to have made him think of himself as "King of Poland," can be interpreted as a step toward boosting Poland's economy. This will be especially true in its relations with other COMECON countries and above all with the Soviet Union. Jaroszewicz, a teacher by profession, got his party start through a prewar leftist-dominated teachers' union. From there he went on to become an ideologue in the Soviet-sponsored Polish army with the rank of brigadier general. However, it is as Poland's permanent representative to COMECON's executive board that Jaroszewicz has been most active.

Jaroszewicz's wife, Alicya Solska, is a well-known commentator on Polish economic questions. In July 1969, she

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raised a cautionary note against expanding foreign trade on the grounds that it was costing Poland more than it was gaining by it.

Of all the newly announced leaders Jaroszewicz is the only one, other than Edward Gierek, who has done much traveling in the West. Eleven years ago he made an intensive tour of such American industrial cities as Detroit, Pittsburgh and Milwaukee. In Detroit he marveled at Ford's River Rouge plant, commenting on its efficiency and organization and suggesting that Poland would be well advised to "imitate your research facilities and the pleasant surroundings in the factories."

Gomulka's Heir

Gierek first came to serious Western attention when, upon the occasion of Charles de Gaulle's visit to Poland in September 1967, he was invited to the reception as "the successor to Gomulka." He was one of the few Poles able to converse with de Gaulle without an interpreter. Gierek's parents had emigrated to France in 1923 when he was twelve and he did not return to Poland permanently until 1948. He had been active in Communist affairs in France since 1931 when he joined the party as a Polish-language organizer among Polish miners. In 1943, he got into trouble with the French police for helping organize the first sit-down strikes.

Deported to Poland in August 1934, he was drafted into the army, served his time and went to Belgium in 1939. He returned to Poland in 1948.

From 1948 on Gierek did party work in Silesia, especially in the smoky mining town of Katowice. He is an engineer and holds the equivalent of a master of science degree from the Cracow Academy of Mining and Metallurgy. After Gomulka's accession to power, Gierek became a member of the powerful economic council of the Council of Ministers and concentrated on the strengthening of the economy of Silesia, the heart of Poland's steel and coal industry. He also saw to it that there was always plenty of food for the miners, who occupy a highly respected position in the Polish People's Republic.

To Gomulka, his resignation must have been a bitter pill, coming as it did a fortnight after his crowning success in achieving a treaty by which West Germany recognized the Oder-Neisse Line as Poland's western boundary.

Since mid-1957 when Gomulka had brought his opposition in the party into line, his policy had been a steady "retreat from October."

Gomulka went far in trying to reform the economy and enlisting popular support, principally by restoring agriculture to the private sector and giving workers a voice in factory operations. He also ended police terror of the Stalinist variety, extralegal "administrative measures" and the devastating forced shipments of coal to the Soviet Union and restored, for a couple of years, religious instruction for school children, but his Communist orthodoxy prevented any other real measures to relieve the underyling malaise.

In that first Gomulka summer in 1957 Warsaw burst out in a real cultural upheaval.

The press took on an almost Western tone in response to its newly won freedoms, little enough by American or British standards but almost revolutionary by Communist rules. It criticized everything but the system itself. Mao Tse-tung had just come out with his "let a thousand flowers bloom" and Warsaw rejoiced at the disgrace of Molotov that summer. Molotov was remembered as a principal architect of the nonaggression pact that launched World War II and that cost Poland six million lives. That first Gomulka summer in Warsaw saw Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh perform *Coriolanus*, the first Western theatrical troupe to visit the city since the War. In Poznan, where it all began, there was an outpouring of religious fervor on the anniversary of the riots as 500,000 people commemorated the octave of Corpus Christi. Papal flags and Polish flags flew from hundreds of windows. A week before at least a million people in Warsaw took part in the observance of Corpus Christi in a procession led by Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski just returned from Rome where he had received his red hat from Pope Pius XII. There were fifty thousand people to welcome him back from Rome. After blessing the early morning crowd the Cardinal drove off in a 1946 Ford (minus hub caps).

One of Gomulka's greatest achievements was concluding a truce with Wyszynski, who had been in prison for three years while Gomulka also was confined. In the elections of January 1957, the clergy campaigned for Communist candidates of Gomulka's stripe. That election was said to be Poland's freest since the one before Joseph Pilsudski's coup of 1926. Gradually church-state relations suffered an erosion through such petty measures as cutting down paper allotments for the religious press and harassment of pilgrims to Czestochowa, Poland's holiest shrine. To some extent the regime profited by Pope John's reformist bent that put a traditionalist like Wyszynski outside Catholicism's mainstream. Boleslaw Piasecki's pro-regime Catholic PAX movement waxed stronger.

As Gomulka began his retreat from October, newsmen found their sources drying up, visas more difficult to obtain and Warsaw, the bloc's most sensitive and vibrant listening post, reverting to its old drabness. Polish youth, however, continued listening to rock music over Voice of America and wearing Western-style clothing.

The Gomulka victory had also meant closer relations with the United States. In the summer of 1957 Poland was granted $20 million in credits to purchase machinery in this country. It was then that Gomulka's virulent anti-Americanism surfaced when he denounced the "classic" 5 per cent interest rates. Over and above his orthodox Communism, Gomulka has hated the U.S. because of his parents' disillusionment over conditions here.

They had tried to settle in the U.S. but returned to Poland before Gomulka's birth in 1905. Gomulka's party history has been rocky. He was serving a seven-year sentence for illegal party activities when Stalin abolished

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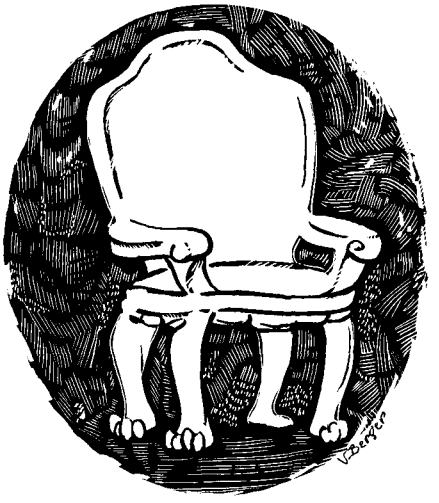

the Polish Party in the Thirties. Stalin ordered the bulk of the Polish Party leadership to the USSR where they were executed or otherwise liquidated. After a few years as a left-wing socialist, Gomulka became a Communist Party member, organizing cells in mining and other industrial unions in the textile center of Lodz and several cities in Silesia and his native Galicia. He took part in the defense of Warsaw in 1939, but went to the Soviet Union for two years and then returned to German-occupied Poland, fighting with partisans in the Carpathians. His return in 1942 was part of the Soviet plan for an eventual power grab in Poland. He succeeded party general secretary Pawel Finder, whom the Germans arrested, and joined the Soviet puppet regime in Lublin, which later became the Warsaw government. From then on he rose rapidly. As Minister of the Recovered Territories, that portion of Germany given the Poles to compensate them for losses in the east to the Russians, he supervised the expulsion of millions of Germans and the crushing of the once-powerful Polish Peasant Party. Thousands of its members were imprisoned and many executed.

Gomulka's Reign

After the Soviet break with Tito in 1948, Gomulka began to feel the Kremlin's wrath, as did so many other "home" Communists—those who stayed in their own countries rather than return with the victorious Red Army. Words Gomulka wrote in 1945 about the "Polish Road to Socialism" (a favorite theme of his after 1956) were to be thrown in his face in 1948. The third plenum in 1949 expelled him from the Central Committee. (Zenon Kliszko, another dropped in the recent shuffle, was fired with Gomulka.) It was not until 1951 that Gomulka was arrested. He was held for three years, then released but not rehabilitated until April 1956. After the 1956 riots, the party found a popular leader in Gomulka, one who had been persecuted by the Stalinists "pro-Polishness." The Polish riots threatened to topple the whole satellite system should they spread to neighboring East Germany, scene of violence three years earlier.

At that time there was a real fear that unrest in East Germany could trigger World War III if the rearmed West Germans came to their brothers' aid.

The Hungarians were also in revolt in those final days of October 1956. Significantly, their revolution had begun in support of the Poles with a march in Budapest to the statue of General Bem, a Polish hero who had aided the Hungarians in their 1848 revolution against the Austrians. As a warning to the Poles or any others who questioned their suzerainty, the Russians brutally crushed the Hungarians.

(Meanwhile, the Israelis had invaded the Sinai desert, the British and French dropped paratroopers in an attempt to seize the Suez Canal and the United States was paralyzed by a Presidential election. To top it all off Secretary of State John Foster Dulles was in the hospital.)

The international tension was reflected in Warsaw, but Gomulka, who had been elected First Secretary on October 21, mastered the situation. Even an angered Nikita Khrushchev, who flew to Warsaw, could not stop him. Gomulka calmed tempers, especially those of irate students in Warsaw demanding changes in their organ *Po Prostu*. *Po Prostu* was crushed six months later.

Besides facing down Khrushchev, Gomulka won the people's acclaim by firing Soviet advisers like Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky, the Russian-installed Defense Minister and the least popular of all the Russian gauleiters.

In the intervening years Gomulka became more and more the Polish hard-liner. Hopes for further Polish freedom were dashed in contrast to the situation in Hungary, which recovered rapidly from its violent revolution. Janos Kadar, the one-time Soviet prisoner who came to his party's leadership on the heels of the revolt, is a liberal in comparison to Gomulka.

Throughout the period of Dubcek's liberal regime in Czechoslovakia in 1968, Gomulka and East Germany's Walter Ulbricht were the prime movers of Soviet bloc opposition, lest the "contagion" spread to their backyards, the other two legs of the "iron triangle."

During 1968 Gomulka also came closest to losing his grip. Opposition had developed within the party over Mieczyslaw Moczar, then Minister of the Interior, Poland's top cop. Moczar had made a big issue of the student riots over the banning of an anticzarist Russian play and in support of the Dubcek forces in Czechoslovakia.

Arrests were widespread. Many of those held were Jews and the anti-Zionist (read, antisemitic) Moczar went to great lengths to make their Jewish backgrounds known. Many interpreted this as an indirect attack on Gomulka whose wife, Zofia, is Jewish. But Gomulka survived that crisis.

Gomulka's ouster is certainly the most significant development of recent weeks in Poland, but the dumping of Josef Cyrankiewicz as premier puts one of the party's most colorful figures in limbo. If anyone were to write a novel set in Eastern Europe, Cyrankiewicz would be the ideal antihero. Through compromise, ambition and double dealing he has held on. From a bourgeois, conservative Catholic family (his mother drove the first car in Cracow), Cyrankiewicz ruined what might have been a heroic record as a Nazi concentration camp prisoner by deserting his socialist comrades and forcing them

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REPEAT STORY

The Arrogant Cult of Youth

MAX GELTMAN

THE INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA of the Social Sciences tells us nothing about Youth Movements. This seems especially surprising since such movements have been responsible for some of the major dislocations in the social relations of the twentieth century. Under the heading "Youth" we are told to "see Adolescence; Delinquency; Developmental Psychology; Labor Force, article on Participation; Life Cycle." That, and nothing else. Rejecting all other references as irrelevant, I looked up "Participation," only to find it not listed at all. So I tried "Life Cycle." But here my senses were assaulted by such a barrage of jargonistic sociolotry that I wandered from the Encyclopedia as from a lunatic description of heaven by the man who ascended eighty thousand feet into the skies to describe it. So I searched the periodical literature (there are, it seems, no books on the subject) and found some material that—as they say—is significant.

Writing in the *Hibbert Journal* in 1924, Dr. Meyrick Booth tells us, in what must be the first such article on the subject, that "although the German Youth Movement is certainly one of the most important factors in the whole German-speaking population, it is as yet very little understood in the Anglo-Saxon world." It is still not understood in this "world." From this burgeoning movement of German youth came the Hitler *Jugend* who acted out in the schools and universities—later in the streets—the same role our student radicals are engaged in today.

The German Youth Movement started with the *Wandervogel* founded by Karl Fisher, a harmless nature-lover and early disciple of the current environmentalism (ecology we call it today because we like to translate our ignorance into Greek). It had its origins in the years immediately preceding World War I when the Germans, sobbing with *Weltschmerz*, took to the road, knapsack on back, and went off into the woods seeking pure air, pure food, pure (folk) music and pure delight in wandering. By 1924 this movement of youth had recruited some 200,000 to 300,000, with right and left factions. These things have a way of becoming politicized as an almost inevitable consequence of their togetherness, much as our Woodstock was (and is), for all the fine talk and devotion to rock, pot and peace. It is the latter appeal which ultimately marks its belligerent character. And thus it was with the wayfaring *Wandervogel*. Says Dr. Booth: "The *Jugendbewegung* is a revolution. It is a revolt of German youth against the materialism of modern life."

Said the German youth leaders: "Our movement represents the upholding of life in the midst of death." These leaders soon started a sub-branch of the general *Bewegung* called the Free German Youth. Antedating some of our own student radicals they declared, "We intend to take charge of our own lives and to cut loose from the ugly conventions and moral inertia of the Establishment—we intend to make youth a real factor in the civilization of today." They did.

Ilse Koch, admired by Hitler, was said to have been influenced most forcefully by these inchoate antiestablishment rebels, as Bernardine Dohrn is today's living disciple of the dead and gone lamp decorator. (Ilse liked to make attractive lampshades from the skin of human beings; while Miss Dohrn, of the Weathermen, admires the way the Tate murderers stuck forks into the bellies of their dead victims—after which they dined on soul food.)

Another chronicler of this early movement of Youth was Leslie Paul. Writing in the *Search*, an English quarterly, in the summer of 1924, he says: "Never before in history has the gap between one generation and another been so great." (The aristocratic Sonia Kovalevsky tells us in her *Memoirs*, 1870: "The educated classes of Russian society were occupied exclusively with one question—the family discord between the old and the young." The year of Lenin's birth thus marked the beginning of that "discord" later to be found in pre-Hitler Germany and in today's free world.) Could it be that before society is torn asunder—before the heartland of the nation is destroyed—the hearth must first be riven?

In any case, to continue with Mr. Paul, from him we also learn that "the majority of Hitler's supporters are young men." Then he adds: "So within a generation we see the Youth movement, breaking out as a denial of one authority, the Establishment, end by espousing another." Mr. Paul was a bit of an innocent, thinking that Hitler represented only another variant of authoritarianism, the term totalitarian not having yet been invented—nor gas chambers. But it was then 1932. In a few months Hitler would become Chancellor of the Third Reich. And just a little earlier the Weimar Republic could still boast of its freedoms, its permissiveness, its addiction to a kind of civil libertarianism that found no parallel in any part of the world. "We had so much freedom then," writes Golo Mann, son of Thomas Mann, recalling those wonderful days, "and soon we had none!"

THE LESSON that youthful radicalism is basically "a campus phenomenon" was learned in France, and to Charles Maurras belongs the credit for organizing the first student forays into the classroom to belabor an unwelcome professor with jibes, insults and paving blocks ripped from the streets of Paris. The student riots had begun.

Hoffman Nickerson, an early disciple of M. Maurras, tells us admiringly how in 1925 his heart leapt up with joy to behold the sight of a professor in full flight before his students. He describes these events as "the gay riots of 1925." ("Riots are fun," says Jerry Rubin.) But for the law professor driven from his chair things were not so gay those hot July days in 1925. For Maurras, more Catholic than the Pope (his works were placed on the Index), the future looked bright—very bright. "All Central Europe," Mr. Nickerson informs us, "has cast out democracy. Even the Moscow Jews, with all their follies and crimes, are at least not democratic." Having granted the "Jew-Bolsheviks" this mark for good conduct, Nickerson lauds M. Maurras' unique achievement

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in having organized the youth of France into a formidable movement (*Action Française*) that would wreck the "democratic institutions" for the greater glory of a Greater Monarchy.

But if Maurras set the example in France for his student royalists, the backlash produced the Popular Front government that came on its heels. This was followed by Vichy and betrayal and Maurras' imprisonment, the fall of France and the German holocaust in which millions were incinerated in gas ovens.

In Germany, Baldur von Shirach, heir to the folk-singing *Wandervogel,* led his youthful battalions of young Nazis into the front ranks of the movement of terror for which their wandering seemed to have prepared them to an unusual degree. He knew what Youth wanted, as did the various Red fronts. Action, not words; deeds, not manifestos.

Hugh Trevor-Roper has recently observed that student radicals at the London School of Economics have revived "the journalistic ethics of Julius Streicher's *Der Sturmer*—though against new scapegoats." This identification, however, troubles our rebellious youth not at all. So what, they say. It is not out of ignorance that they emulate the lifestyle of an older generation of the *Jugendbewegung.* It may very well be that they revel in the parallel. (Professor Seymour Martin Lipset notes that Daniel Cohn-Bendit, the apple-cheeked fomenter of student riots in the Paris of 1968, was probably "unaware" that his hero, the anarchist Makhno, was a full-blown antisemite. Chances are he knew it all along and that is why he chose him above all other anarchists who were, almost all of them, confirmed Jew-baiters. But in Makhno, the scourge of bourgeois and Jew during the bloody days of the Russian Civil War, Cohn-Bendit found the leader who put theory into practice. The Revolution is all! Right on! The fact that Jewish boys and girls in America are in the forefront of the ferment supporting the Israel-hating Black Panthers is part of the same self-destructive syndrome.)

It adds nothing to an understanding of the phenomenon to talk, as does Trevor-Roper with justified disgust, of the "arrogant cult of youth." It is arrogant all right. It is destructive. But it is above all *self-destructive.* Revolutionists usually die young. (Robespierre and Danton were dead, by the instrumentality of their own making, before the age of thirty-five.) But to be young is not to be identified with belonging to movements of Youth. "I consider it a great misfortune for a nation when its young generation has no youth. But being young is not enough," wrote Alexander Herzen more than one hundred years ago.

But being young *is* the American credo today. All over the nation we hear—especially from the politicians—how this is the best generation—ever. Why it is best is not explained, except it is accused of being bright when, in fact, it expresses itself in clipped sentences beginning with "like" and ending with "man." That, and a half-dozen dirty four-letter words make up almost the entire vocabulary of our youth whom we tolerate to a degree that is suffocating. It is, of course, possible they ask not to be embraced, but to be enjoined. But the mass media will not have it so.

They have a market in youthful arrogance. That is why Abbie Hoffman can get TV coverage almost at his (or his agent's) will. (The modern toppler of systems employs, at 10 per cent, a professional agent to book his appearances at universities and talk-shows so that he can the better incite the student mobs to violence, at so much per incitement.)

THESE YOUNG NIHILISTS WANT their destructive ardor recorded in color. (Why else wear the Stars and Stripes upside down to a color TV show?) They also want their youthful followers to be as young as possible. Pisarev, the founder of Nihilism, has told how children make the best terrorists since they have not yet developed the discrimination to know right from wrong. "We want the fifteen-year-old terrorists," says Jerry Rubin. (In Holland, the youthful provocateurs—the "provos"—hail Kropotkin as folk-hero.)

So it would seem that each nation's youthful antagonists—the world of alienated youth—have found for themselves some ancient Russian anarchist to fill out the scenario of contemporary horror. But time, the ultimate devourer of youth, will have its way. And all the fierce young men will surely perish of frustration—and worse—not because old men sent them to war, but because Youth wanted to have its youth and youthlessness, its life and death, in one mixed bowl of defiance (the "arrogant cult of youth").

But if it is arrogant, it is also ill-informed. Trouble is, it is not education Youth seeks as much as a stern reprimand for its antisocial behavior. "The criminal *needs* his punishment," Simone Weil has taught. But the world has not yet understood. Without punishment youthful arrogance may reach a point of no return—from its own irresponsibilities and from our own essential lack of understanding that what is needed now is to cry halt. But so long as the Establishment runs at breakneck pace to embrace the patterns of youthful rebellion, so long will Youth raise the ante, until even *Life* will not be able to keep up with the death-wish of an undisciplined segment of our youthful population.

Apocalyptic? Perhaps. But I am convinced that we are on a collision course with history. And our youth. By this I do not mean, of course, that all, or even a majority, of American young people—on or off campus—are hell-bent for revolution. They are not. But revolutions do not require majority's sanction, and very small minorities indeed have managed to topple governments throughout history.

It is necessary to defuse the situation, but certainly not by setting up youth commissions to discuss this, that or the other thing, not to find out what Youth wants. Youth wants nothing and everything, and that is why a dialogue is impossible.

We are afraid of our youth—especially our college youth. And they know it. And if they don't, the professors soon tell them. Fear is at the root of our problem, and perhaps the only way out for adults is to redevelop that sense of self-respect that we have worked for and earned.

None of us—neither the *Times,* nor the Ford Foundation, nor *Life, Time* and *Fortune* nor the McLuhan media, not even Mary Breasted of the *Village Voice* or Black Panther Michael Talcott will be able to escape the awful future consequences if we continue to give in to the bullying of every young hoodlum who calls himself a Lord; of every black fanatic who dubs himself Minister of This 'n' That; of every college boy who shoves a batch of "non-negotiable" demands down the throat of a Youth-worshiping dean. It's time to cry halt. Now. □

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Upon leaving Yale, novelist John Hersey delivered himself of a valedictory so outrageous that it drove another old grad to a spirited defense of Yale, past, present and future

Informal Notes, Taken on Reading John Hersey on Yale

ROBERT MOSES

JOHN HERSEY, leaving Yale after five years as Master of Pierson College, has written a letter to the alumni, dedicated to Kingman Brewster. I have one small advantage over those who have thus far commented on the Hersey communication. I have read it.

The Rackley case, more familiarly known as the Bobby Seale case, gave Hersey an opportunity to offer a defense of the statement of President Brewster that a black man cannot get a fair trial in Connecticut. Nevertheless, the trial has gone on and justice seems to have survived in Connecticut.

Hersey states categorically that Yale is quite the best private university in the country and Brewster the best university president. These two Daniels come to judgment warn that if we do not promptly rediscover our sons and daughters, no amount of law and order or crisis management will make much difference. The alumni are by clear implication responsible for this condition and have a bare, fast-fading chance to remedy it.

Hersey's first chapter, which contains the topic or theme, is entitled "On B------t." The alumni, we are told, are simply tone deaf to the differences between b------t and reality. The b------t theme, couched in the accepted current academic lingo, seems to put faculty and students on a familiar, folksy basis of common vulgarity. "All is not B------t." The alumni, we are told, are says Hersey. The word Establishment, he adds, embraces just about everything. It includes the "high-as-a-kite" program of Yippie Jerry Rubin which, simply stated, is (and again I quote Hersey verbatim): "F--- everything."

The Yale alumni have heard all the

four-letter words and need not be shocked into attention. This is not the age of Dink Stover and Dick Merriwell. Times and tastes have changed. Maybe this approach to the ideal of an athletic Galahad was a bit childish, but it was refreshing as compared to the Hersey b------t.

The notion that our four-letter athletes are something new and original is itself a cosmic joke. The Greek and Roman satirists had much dirtier and smarter words than those quoted by John Hersey and they have been cleverly translated into vernacular English. Petronius, Nero's funny man and judge of elegance, could piece out Hersey's vocabulary. One wonders whether John Hersey, who has traveled and had advantages, might not have found some punctilio halfway between Sir Henry M. Stanley's bland greeting of Dr. David Livingstone at Ujiji and the boozy salutations of a couple of drunken bums in a waterfront bar.

John Hersey is a distinguished writer, humanitarian and inheritor of the American missionary sincerity, eloquence, zeal and tradition. He is at once a clinical witness to cruelty at Hiroshima in 1945 and a firm believer in the idealism of youth and the ultimate triumph of the human spirit. Yale has had other distinguished Chinese missionary sons before Hersey. There was Harry Luce, for example. Grafting New England transcendentalism on an old Oriental civilization has not been notably successful. Has the mixture of Boston chowder and chow mein made anything nourishing? Will tossing in martinis, marijuana, a dash of McIlhenny's sauce and a touch of hallucinations make a good recipe?

Bellyaching Yalies

Like so many Americans who have won plaudits and adulation in one field John Hersey acts as though he were an expert on everything. Time may prove that what he thought was a personal long-distance call from higher authority was just a wrong number.

As a philosopher, reporter, observer of World War II and its aftermath and witness of the collapse of colonialism and the British Raj, Hersey knows that the successive divisive, nationalistic

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territorial, racial and religious rivalries in the Far East have produced nothing but hatred and brutality. He knows that we cannot police the world to institute peace and to guarantee balance of power. He knows the East can not be hurried or converted. Why not pass on this information to the students at Pierson?

Why does Hersey not suggest that the Yale boys and girls stop bellyaching about their hard luck, take on less territory and do something tough, grueling and useful to preserve our America? Hersey forgets that Yale was established to educate public servants and the clergy. Many alumni doubt that we should discard this concept when we so badly need both dedicated officials and ministers of the gospel. Maybe old Elihu Yale, a career man in Madras, had an exaggerated notion of the role which bureaucrats would be called on to assume in the American colony and maybe he had a brainstorm about the leadership of the clergy in New England. Anyway, the training of recruits for government and the church was in the minds of the founders of Yale as they moved their ambitious academy from Saybrook to New Haven.

Hersey on the Stand

Let John Hersey answer the following questions:

1) Is youth mad at the world because it was not consulted about being born? Is existence under present conditions simply unbearable? If so, does youth resign, and how?

2) Is the older generation responsible?

3) What challenges does the inner city with all its problems provide for the student if he has real guts as distinguished from yearning, rhetoric, lofty ideals, economic illiteracy and contempt for the Establishment?

4) If youth chooses to continue, what quid pro quo will it demand? What does youth most deplore and mark for elimination as the price of cooperation? It takes no genius to see looming up the clear and present danger of open enrollment and abolition of marks and competition to produce an entirely different student body and, therefore, before long an entirely different class of alumni.

5) Youth, we hear, is not happy with our industrialized, mechanized, competitive society and with our indifference to conservation of natural beauty, but what does it offer specifically as a start on a new order? To solve the environmental crisis?

6) On its 25th birthday the United Nations has as yet no impressive record. What does youth suggest as a rebirth? What does it propose we substitute for narrow patriotism, parochialism and sectionalism?

7) In its pursuit of untrammeled, uncensored freedom of expression and repudiation of old values, what do undergraduates offer when pornography has run its course and gets stale and boring?

8) If marijuana is as harmless as beer, why do almost all drug addicts, according to reliable medical testimony, begin with marijuana? If the main source of addiction, crime, rackets and violence is drugs, does John Hersey as a speaker for youth offer an international program to attack the drug source in Turkey, in France or wherever it is?

9) Does a House Master like Hersey, reflecting on the problems which will face the militant, bright, skeptical and generously disposed student when he graduates, actually believe that there is an answer in dressing down alumni and parents who must assume responsibility when Hersey leaves off?

10) Is Hersey really anxious to maintain Yale in its integrity as a respected, influential and useful institution dedicated to the pursuit of truth in the light of history, or is his main concern what he calls b------t which may more elegantly be called exciting adventure, release of youthful energy and extension into the unknown?

11) One more question: aside from financial, legal, property, political, publicity and other pressures and strategies of the moment, do those who at considerable sacrifice have established a way of life at Yale have any claim on it?

Who Has the Answers?

Here are some samples of the Hersey rhetoric:

> Because the impossible is impossible and one is driven to avert the unwanted and keep the unknown wants down in the dark regions of the psyche, one must purify oneself by accessible experiences, or by fantasies about them —by making and hearing music that throbs like a bursting heart, by mind-blowing through drugs or by mind-numbing through drink or through watching the tube or flicks, by running (if possible alone, without competition) in long-distance races, or in metaphors for them, by screwing, by film-making, by writing poetry, by defiance of Authority and its Rules, by being or imagining being thrown in the pokey, by helping others, by meditation, by breathing, by fasting, by transcendence, by sleeping and dreaming, and perhaps, alas, by attaining the sleep that has no dreams—by death and transfiguration and some claim to a modest, symbolic, martyr-like immortality.

Hersey adds:

> It will come home to roost that while some drugs are no worse than alcohol, they are no better, either. An older generation stupefied by alcohol will confront a younger generation indifferent on pot. And the young who continue to be driven to extended experimentation with worse drugs than pot and booze will be drafted into the standing army of the crazies.

And here are two more paragraphs:

> This change in outer style of the majority will tend to isolate the druggies, who will have a harder time abandoning their separation. The movement will have come to see that the pot culture is not morally superior to the booze culture; that it is simply dependence on a different chemical for a similar illusion of escape from the b------t that dwells, *will always dwell no matter what the political system,* in reality. A task of the movement will be helping the druggies back to a connection with the rest of us. Young people will see that the movement has to lead the violent radical crazies, as much as the Southern racists, back into a circle of trust.
>
> The interim result of American repression will be the dull and sullen calm of the wait for a signal. The penultimate result will be a good dollop of what Germany and Russia and Spain and China and Greece and Portugal and Cuba and Argentina and the Dominican Republic and *many* other countries have seen in their various times within this century: "incidents," concentration camps, firing squads, purges, prisons, scapegoats, massacres, civil war, famine, gas ovens, genocide, blood, vomit and loss of sphincter control and squalid animal death. The final result can only be a violent fight for freedom. Man is made that way.

This is gag writing rather than thinking, fireworks rather than fire.

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The *New York Times* concludes a learned article by Professor Solomon H. Snyder of Johns Hopkins praising marijuana, with the following happy observation:

> . . . The younger generation is more concerned with here-and-now self-awareness than with accumulating money for some future gratification. Humanistic ethical considerations, such as concern for one's comrades, are replacing abstract morality and competitive individualism. All of this suggests a more contemplative, less aggressive national ethos, the kind that has existed in Eastern countries such as India for many years, fostered there, perhaps in part, by cannabis.

So, three cheers for pot and India. Says Hersey, in effect: "If you lack raw courage, try dope and delirium. Relief and the alumni will pay the bill."

In sum this seems to be Hersey's line of reasoning:

1) The rightist Establishment, that is the entrenched, rich and powerful, offers the poor and the minorities only bland, unacceptable compromises.

2) The bewildered, feebly led middle-roaders offer only meaningless compromises and are being squeezed out.

3) The alienated Left will no longer tolerate halfway measures and turns to violence or oblivion.

Many alumni, getting along in years and not eager for martyrdom or thirsting for immortality, will find it difficult to breathe on such alpine heights. Imagine the reaction of a New Haven policeman called a pig and worse, whose duty it is to protect the people in their daily lives and put down anarchy, the guardian who is trying to reconcile town and gown and make the town safe for democracy. What can he think of Hersey's picture of Yalies as crackpots, nuts, drug addicts high on acid, drunks, suicides seeking escape from the world's troubles? Hersey's Yale saga begins with unwilling birth, passes through psychedelic youth and ends with hara kiri and Nirvana.

As to black power, Hersey makes this contribution:

> . . . At Class Day a graduating black . . . former Moderator of the Black Student Alliance, stood at the Old Campus podium in a white suit, his head almost shaved, and, speaking in street language glossed with a certain Yale elegance, put the principle in its more elemental form . . . "You cats had better do something about the suffering black people right up here in Dixwell and out there on the Hill, or they're going to figure it's time for them to have some of this bigtime Yale education, and they're just going to come on up here and make this place their place. And if you cats don't listen to me, and if you don't do anything, and if they do what I'm saying they're going to do, you just remember that one time I told you it was going to happen."

Hersey makes it clear that this graduating black is no amiable, slightly cracked, junior Quixote tilting at windmills. This is a tough guy, armed and out for blood, to whom we are expected to listen with respect. Hersey manifestly admires this brash young speaker and condones, if he does not endorse, the threat to take over the University. This is not the Martin Luther King philosophy. Is this the voice of the turtle or the tocsin of war?

Finally, let me offer this simplistic example of John Hersey's schoolboy economics:

> Who *is* in charge? The Corporation? The Faculty? The Departments? The computer? The Executive Committee? The Steering Committee? The Committee on Permanent Appointments? The Provost? The Dean? The Dean of Admissions? The Treasurer? The Council of Masters? The University Council? The Business Manager? The janitor? The editor of the *Yalie Daily?*
>
> Money *is* in charge. You, the alumni, are therefore indirectly in charge. And perhaps this is why some of you are so angry. You have put up bucks, but you are not The Boss, any more than anyone else. Lack of money is about to be in charge.

And here's the payoff from Hersey as wizard of finance:

> Let's say the war's over, and the federal and state governments provide minimal services (postal delivery, higher courts, highways, militia). Income taxes gathered on a graduated basis and taxes on corporations, on both the federal and state levels, are all distributed, after the costs of these minimal services are paid, to localities on a per capita basis. The localities provide some services and pass on the balance to the neighborhoods, again per capita. With this money the people in the localities and neighborhoods (who by this time trust each

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"Something in civil rights must cover this."

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C. H. SIMONDS

SETTLING DOWN

FOR NOW He was the "intellectual Beatle," long ago when there were such things as Beatles—wit, punster, writer of deep lyrics. During and after the group's gradual breakup, John Lennon floundered around, in and out of mysticism, drugs, a Peace Festival that never came off. Now, after four months of intensive therapy, he seems to be coming up for air. There's a new record of simple, non-psychedelic rock and roll; a new personal style—shorter hair; hick overalls with an American flag sewn on the bib. Most interesting, Lennon shows a new maturity in an interview published in *Rolling Stone*: "The dream is over. I'm not just talking about the Beatles. I'm talking about the generation thing. It's over, and we gotta—I have to personally—get down to so-called reality."

Some dream. "You have to be a bastard to make it, that's a fact, and the Beatles were the biggest bastards on earth." The Maharishi, with his "transcendental meditation, turned out to be a skirt-chasing old fraud. "I said, 'we're leaving.' 'Why?' he asked . . . and I said, 'Well, if you're so *cosmic*, you'll know why.' " In those days it was fashionable among the literati to dig the Beatles. "There is a guy in England, William Mann, who was the first intellectual who reviewed the Beatles in the [London] *Times* and got people talking about us in that intellectual way. He wrote about Aeolian Cadences and all sorts of musical terms, and he is a b---------r. . . . But it did us a lot of good . . . because people in all the middle classes and intellectuals were all going 'Ooooh.' "

They were bastards, one concludes, because in a peculiar way they were fed upon—by the chicks who would gladly, gladly jump into bed with them, by the press hangers-on who hung on for the booze and girls, by the local dignitaries ("they were always threatening that they would tell the press about us, if we didn't see their bloody daughter with her braces on her teeth.") The music—the good music they made together—stopped when they stopped doing all-night club dates and began, having become famous, to do concerts for vast audiences.

And so, back to "so-called reality." Having discovered the price of it, Lennon has opted out of Sixties Superstar fame. What matters is making his kind of music, so please get out of his way: "If we want to go b----------g off into intellectualism with rock and roll, then we are going to get b----------g rock intellectualism. If we want real rock and roll, it's up to all of us to create it and stop being hyped by the revolutionary image, and long hair."

Lord help us, he sounds like an American Legionnaire: "I'm sick of all these aggressive hippies or whatever they are, the 'Now Generation,' being very uptight with me. . . . They come to the door with a f-----g peace symbol and expect to just sort of march around the house or something, like an old Beatle fan. They're under the delusion of awareness by having long hair, and that's what I'm sick of."

IT'S HAPPENING all over. The Grateful Dead have gone Country. Two years ago, Jefferson Airplane was beating the drums for revolution, up against the wall and all; now it's Jefferson Starship with a new record called *Blows against the Empire*—and the only blow struck is an escape into outer space, into fantasy. Since Altamont (see "On the Right," Dec. 29, 1970—and note that a careful study of the film shows that the dead man had been pointing a gun toward the stage), the Rolling Stones appear to have lost direction. God knows what Dylan is doing—maybe reading *The Federalist*. This was the music that was supposed to radicalize an entire generation: Abbie J. Hoffrubin must be climbing the goddam *walls*.

The Big Change is official now. The *New York Times* has run an excerpt from the *Rolling Stone* Lennon interview. In another realm, *Time* discerns in the success of *Love Story* a turning-away from the revolutionary cinema, a looking inward, a rebirth of sentimentality. Once *Time* and the *Times* notice something, we can be fairly sure it has already happened. Which leaves the question, Where to?

With Lennon, back to the basics, for a lot of people. For many others, escapism. For almost everyone, away from the "revolution"—perhaps into cynicism, perhaps into anomie (the "revolution" defined many lives, although probably not so completely as its pr men thought). Billed as a revolt against politics, the "revolution" ended up ultimately political: It sought to politicize music, pleasure, sex, eating ("FRUMPIES ARE SOLD IN SOUTH AFRICA—DON'T EAT FRUMPIES!"), breathing ("THE MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX IS POLLUTING THE AIR!"). Sooner or later, the troops were bound to tire of intrusive omnipolitics: It's all so damned boring. As the boy said last year at Powder Ridge: "I came to hear music—screw the revolution!"

The ones to pity are the pr men. Poor Charles Reich, who dreamed up a revolution and then tried to cram everybody into it—even himself: He once apologized to a reporter for wearing a Brooks Brothers shirt, so much for him. Poor Tom Wicker, deserted by his fuzzy, floppy darlings, reduced to playing Frisbee with his 45 of "Street Fighting Man." These and their like are *really* older.

I don't mean to suggest that we won't see plenty more revolutionary posturing, physical and intellectual. The news media, *Time* and the *Times* notwithstanding, will continue to find it all salable, and so revolutionaries-manqués will be in plentiful supply for a while longer. But increasingly, it will all be a matter of going through motions. The spirit has already gone, leaving only momentum. □

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The University Bookman is a quarterly edited by Russell Kirk. Each issue is devoted to the restoration and improvement of the standards of higher education in America. Most of the articles for this quarterly concentrate on two topics: the reviewing of university and college textbooks; and the sensible criticism of educational theory and practice today. Every **National Review** subscriber, living in the U.S.A., gets **The University Bookman** free. Others may subscribe at $2.00 a year. Subscriptions and editorial correspondence should be sent to:

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RUSSELL KIRK

EXPERIMENTAL COLLEGES AND COMMUNES

FROM THE ACADEMY

Mostly because a good many college students find the typical curriculum and the typical campus life inordinately boring (not without reason), various institutions of higher learning allegedly higher have been setting up "experimental colleges" of a more intimate and exploratory character. Already books about these experiments are appearing—somewhat prematurely, probably, except for those experiments whose dismal failure has become obvious.

One such undertaking that began only last fall, and on which I do not presume to sit in judgment as yet, is the University of Pennsylvania's. Experimental Colleges I and II (groups of thirty and twenty students respectively, plus such faculty members as can be persuaded to sacrifice and contribute "in addition to the regular teaching assignments") occupy separate residences and engage in "group education."

"It will be a full-time educational and living experience where not only intellectual but emotional and communal education will be emphasized," the prospectus for Experimental College I runs. "It will try to interconnect and relate the total world around us." There's ambition for you: Relate the total world to *what*?

Some professors at Pennsylvania take a dim view of these aspirations. They indulge reservations, perhaps, about the "Basic Layout: The college will consist of fifteen girls and fifteen boys located in a single residence. In addition, there will be four to eight faculty advisers (residence optional). The faculty will be equal to the students in every way except their knowledge in particular fields."

"I don't profess to understand what is involved," one Pennsylvania professor tells me, "although the scheme looks like a combination of Free Love and Intellectual Disorganization."

Educational content is to be decided by the students and faculty involved, although two regular courses in the University's curriculum must be taken by every participant, if only to "help prevent the Experimental College from being entirely isolated from the University community." There will be seminars, and speakers from the Outer Darkness.

Some of these ideas are not new. The voluntary residential association of students with common interests has existed for some time (with segregation of the sexes, however), and we already have names for such groups: fraternities and sororities. Intellectual discussions at frequent intervals, in a loose "seminar" form, by a circle of reasonably earnest undergraduate spirits, ought to be encouraged: but that, too, is no vast innovation.

Such associations and discussions are valuable, and have been sadly neglected in Behemoth University during recent years. Whether they can take the place of a regular intellectual discipline is another matter, however. Much depends upon the depth and thoroughness of the university courses in which students enroll. If this rather amorphous plan turns out, at best, to be merely a running discussion on the basis of some general reading—why, one might as well simply join a Great Books group, so saving vastly on tuition and lodging.

But I do not mean to set my face against all attempts to restore, through experiment, a humane scale and a personal character to undergraduate studies. Most of our universities, and many of our colleges, are far too big: Common residences for twenty or thirty genuine students could do much to reduce the sense of being lost at Behemoth University.

Moreover, on practically every campus the undergraduates are required to enroll in far too many lecture courses and to accumulate an absurd number of formal credits. Two regular courses, earnestly undertaken, are far better than five or six courses of the usual diploma-mill sort. If the residential seminars have pattern and purpose, rather than being pretentious rap-sessions, they may accomplish more to wake intellect and imagination than any amount of note-taking in Humanities 103 or Sociology 421.

One danger in these college communes is that students may become preoccupied with the current, the ephemeral, the immediately dramatic. ("Improvisational drama done by people living together" is emphasized in the Pennsylvania experiments.)

For students genuinely in search of wisdom, and adequately prepared by their earlier schooling—that is, at most, 1 per cent of the student body on the average campus—such experiments have promise. "The primary goal," we are told in the prospectus for Pennsylvania's Experimental College I, "will be to prepare the individual for life-long education rather than the secondary goal of accumulating a specific body of facts—facts that may be obsolete in a few years." This is a sound principle—supposing that the students involved do not settle for "getting the general idea" about some discipline or other, and then rejoicing in an indiscriminate exposure to every wind of doctrine. Such an "emotional involvement" would convert them not into philosophers, but into philodoxers.

The meanings to be obtained from a serious study of history, for instance, are not acquired by the mere accumulation of passing acquaintance with a number of historical events; but neither are those meanings acquired without some thorough ordered mastery of the "facts" or events, which distinguish historical knowledge from ideological fantasy. To sit through interminable shallow lectures and take countless "objective" examinations is a wretched way to try to obtain an education. Yet the notion that the culture of the mind may be got through "group interaction," jolly girls and boys together, could be more ruinous still. □

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ONCE UPON A TIME, about a dozen years ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers. Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

ON STUFFING A MUSHROOM

WHAT do you do when you have no idle cash and when ... a whiff of the income tax to ...e in the air? Well, there are things can do at home to while away the ...e, though I admit none (depending c... your temperament) is as much fun with... spending money wantonly or b) th... it away in an old stocking with s... ful chuckles.

One of the things you might do is ...ntemplate your home with fresh eyes, ... see if it fits the way you really live. ...r else you might contemplate the kind ... dream house you will build or buy ...hen the money comes in again, to ...void mistakes you'll have to live with. ... has been said that you learn about ...uses from the first you own so that ...e second will be much better. I'm ...re this is right—it was in my case— ...t how do you know there will be a ...cond? I hasten to say that this article ... not an architectural or builder's ...ide. I want merely to help you to ...arify your thinking, if you don't have ...enty of money or space. If you do, ...rget it.

The areas in a house where the ...mily meets, such as the living room, ...e kitchen and the dining room, are ...t really related to today's living con...tions, if you have children. Homes ...e only too often set up in pre-child ...ys, when you are still having an af...ir with your spouse. Then come the ...tle ones. The first one, for a while, ... no trouble because he fits in where...er you are going to put him since ... is unable to get out of his crib ... even playpen. But your first treas...e will have broken loose, leaving ...s sticky toys all over the place, by the ...ne the second one arrives. Then, the ...cond one etc. and I assure you that ...u don't have to have six children to ...ve a toy fleamarket in the house. ...vo or three can do a great job turn...g it into a pigsty, guaranteed to let ...nnubial romance flee, with averted ...es. Ah, how well I remember my ...wn darlings, each with his own room ...here he was supposed to play. This ...ey did not do, so I set a room aside for them all to play in and to transform into their own pigsty. This did not work either because I had not realized that young children want to be where you are, to play under your feet and under your eyes. It's maddening, but it is better to accept this fact of life and to figure out ways to make living with it easier.

The place where you and I were and are most of the time is the kitchen, and few kitchens are big enough to hold mother, kitchen things, children and their toys. Most modern houses, rather than having big kitchens, have thrown the space together to make big living-dining rooms. Granted this area is near the kitchen, from where the mother can keep track of the children, since they can't play in the kitchen. But the result is that this dining-living area is perpetually cluttered with children's things, and is a mess. It would be far more practical, and not necessarily an earthshaking expense, to knock down the wall separating the kitchen from the dining-living area and enlarge the kitchen to hold all the equipment while the children can play in a space that is easy to keep clean and which gives them ready access to mother, water and food which is what they want and need. The toys can be collected and kept in big plastic dishwashing bowls, stored on shelves and kept out of sight behind a curtain. When the children are bigger and will use their own rooms, you can keep china on the shelves. A kitchen that is large enough can be zoned into definite areas, for cooking, playing and eating.

IT WOULD BE INTERESTING to see a survey on how many meals are eaten in the kitchen anyway, even if the kitchen is not convenient for this. Dining rooms are useful only if they are separate rooms, with a door to close upon the shambles of a meal so that they will be out of sight until you are ready to clear them, which may be the next morning.

If you have a separate dining room, even if it is a small one, keep it. Resist the temptation to knock the dining and living rooms together to make one very large room. That is, when you have children. A dining room will make a good playroom for them when they are older. You can't expect them to stay in their rooms all the time, and unless you *know* that you will love to have your children underfoot forever, and that your guests will love it too, it's well to have them out of the living room but near enough so that they won't feel abandoned, and more important, so that you can keep an eye on them. Furthermore, children need privacy as much as grownups, perhaps even more since the grownups are continually at them for one thing or another, even if it's just to be pals—and what child in his right mind wants a mother or father for a pal. For a friend, yes indeed, but pals are people of one's own age.

Another way of rearranging space in a small house is to divide it into quiet and noisy zones. If everybody in the family know the rules, then the everlasting cry of "keep quiet" or "shut up" will stop ringing through the rooms. Parents have to keep the rules too.

Having settled the house, another hard-times entertainment is to take a good, hard look at one's possessions, weeding out the things one does not need or does not like. There are various ways of disposing them, from Salvation Army and Thrift Shop to plain giving away. Several of my more practical friends hold auctions and rummage sales. All that they want to get rid of is put on one or more tables, with a starting bid or price tagged on. Invitations are sent out, and you should see how people flock in since a bargain is irresistible bait.

I don't think that hard-times pastimes should be nothing but utilitarian endeavors such as learning how to stuff a mushroom or improving one's memory or learning how to make sandals, unless you are pining to do so. Hard-times are bad enough in themselves so that one needs to dream of projects that have scope, such as rearranging a house. □

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Organizer of the Ordinary Day

VINCENT MILLER

The Diary of Samuel Pepys, Vols. I II, III
Edited by R. C. Latham and W Matthews
University of California Press 1106 pp., $2

Pepys began his famous diary—with a typical administrator's respect for the calendar—on January 1, 1661. He ended it ten years later, during the last year of the decade. If he failed to make it to December 31, he stuck it out to May 31, and only quit then because he thought he was going blind. He wasn't. But though giving up his "journal" seemed to him "almost as much as to see himself go into the grave," he never took it up again.

The *Diary* was first published, in a greatly abridged two-volume edition, in 1825. It has fascinated readers ever since. A Victorian age that found Dr. Johnson's personality more interesting than his works immediately made much of it, and it had its first fame as it related Victorian get-up-and-goers to a very interesting seventeenth-century forebear: "a curious journal, kept by a person named Pepys, who . . . though most able and usefully attentive to his official business, was in the habit of noting down all the occurrences of his life with the most singular minuteness."

There were six nineteenth-century editions. The last of these, by H. B. Wheatley in 1893-9, was in ten volumes. Careless and partial, bowdlerized and full of scholarly lapses, it has been, for seventy years now, the standard edition.

The present edition is a delight. The cooperative work of Robert Latham, a professor of history at Magdalene, and William Matthews, a professor of English at UCLA, it is being made from a new and careful transcript of the manuscript, and has had the extensive help of four contributing editors on matters that touch on music, art, the theater and London topography. The notes, glossaries and commentaries are models of excellence and planning. The maps are first-rate, as are the pictures, and, indeed, all else. If Pepys' *Diary* enables one—as Macaulay said—to "go in at Hans Holbein's gate, and come out through the matted gallery," this edition will, when complete, make that experience a more easy, full and thoroughly enjoyable one than it has ever been before.

On its first appearance, the *Diary* intrigued Englishmen who were about to make a fad of romantic histories that let them live in other times than their own. Pepys gave them all they could possibly ask for. Reading him was very much like living day by day from 1661 to 1669: seeing, hearing, almost tasting all that occurred—the plays, the music, the executions, the arrival of Charles from France, th Great Fire, the Plague—and all witl an immediacy no critic of literatur or history has failed to comment o for 150 years.

It is no less a pleasure to turn bacl to Pepys' London today—and thereb escape from a world that exists at tha point where the Now Generation doin its thing intersects with some motiva tional research study accurately plottin its manageability. But what one notice this time, I believe, is that Pepys' worl is made up of much the same stuff a our own, and in very much the sam combination.

PEPYS WAS, of course, as one of h editors says, "a modern man." He ha no serious religious emotions, and n serious political ones either. Neith the life of the *polis* nor that of th spirit interested him, except for gossi For him the function of church an state was to remove strife and leave i its place a comfortable emptiness whe he might get things organized and e perience many sensuously thingy m ments when he was where it was at ar was with it.

He was very talented at doing bot London had only half-a-million inha itants in his day, and he got about tow amazingly. As Mr. Latham indicate he played two of the roles set dow for him to play with more vitalit naïveté and gusto than perhaps anyo in the long centuries since: the "m about town" and "the virtuoso" keepi up with the latest in art, music, thoug and the theater. But nothing dimm his enthusiasm for the role he lov first, that of "the man of business Pepys was in fact a great administrat at the very dawn of the managerі

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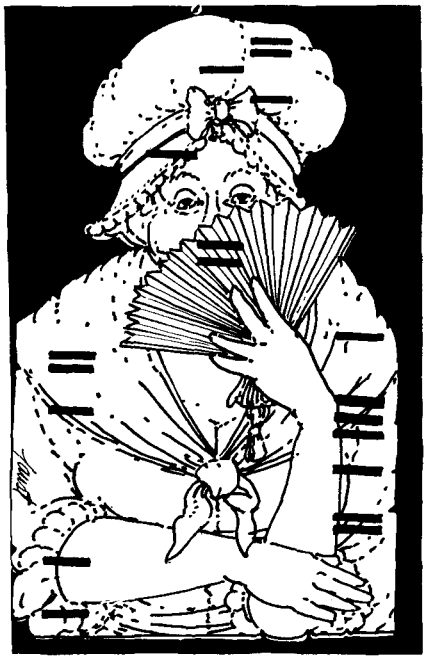
ıge. He was by nature "a man of ystem." And by that ability he rose rom mere clerk of acts to the Navy Board to become, in Albemarle's hrase, the navy's right hand. He directed the "epoch-making program of ecovery and reform" by which the British navy became a sizable and disiplined force, acquired an administrative machinery capable of running it, nd a sense of relationship between fficiency and legislative action that ermitted it a viable future.

What we are coming to understand etter is how Pepys' abilities fit together. Both his present editors point ut how much of the *Diary* is a result f his desire to get each day's events own accurately so they might be oranized and accounted for. What he anted, and what the *Diary* gave him, as "quotidian chaos reduced to rder." But there is more to it than ıat.



As Mr. Matthews notes, the very exllence of Pepys' accounts of his exriences depends upon his being rangely detached even from his most ımediate ones. If the long account of eb Willet's seduction—now to be fully ıblished and certain to create the w edition's most immediate fame—in one way "pornographic and scatogical," it is in another as coldly acırate as a "scientific report on sexual havior in the human male." However "egocentric and charged with feeling" the *Diary* is, it reads "as though it had been written by an alter ego, by another man in the same skin." Finally, in Eliot's phrase, Pepys' attachment to self and to things and to persons, and his detachment from them, come to seem—as indeed they are—very much alike.

And it is precisely here that the *Diary*'s greatest historical and human interest lies. What Pepys gives us is a burgher's view of that time in Western history when, as George Poulet has said, man for the first time began to divorce himself from his own existence in order to control it, and to examine and savor, as never before, its passing moments.

DESCARTES AND PASCAL fell into the abyss that lay underfoot. Pepys was not made of their stuff. Montaigne before Pepys' time had watched himself with great pleasure and great objectivity and stumbled into nothingness. But Pepys was no Montaigne either. He was, as Professor Matthews says, "a modern man and so a Baconian." Not quite, for even Bacon, fact-collector par excellence and system-monger nonpareil, when he finally got himself that high vantage ground of "Truth" from which he could survey all life before him, realized that somehow charity had turned into pity and the air grown cold. But Pepys, like Western man generally, bounced more happily along. For this very reason he has something special to give us.

A Pascal may light up our world with a terror and a beauty of which Pepys is incapable. But Pepys gives us—with Chaucerian honesty and in God's plenty—our ordinariness, with which we must also come to terms. Accustomed to seeing Giacometti figures stalking through our cities, we find the sight of portly little burghers somehow anachronistic and distasteful. We even grow violent about them. And for this disease, Pepys' *Diary* can be recommended, as tending toward a cure.

To re-read Pepys is to recover the wonder with which the modern age began. It is a little like being in the Garden of Eden a very short time after the Fall, when the dew was still on the apple trees and the place offered opportunities for organization and development it had never had before. The experience—to use a classic tag Pepys learned in school—both delights and teaches. □

Legacy of Freedom
By George Charles Roche III
Arlington House, 352 pp., $6
The Flight from Reality
By Clarence B. Carson
Foundation for Economic Education, 548 pp., $5

THE TRUTH THAT MADE US FREE

M. STANTON EVANS

Most current discussion of political issues takes place against the background of the liberal history lesson—a series of statements and assumptions about the growth of human freedom which are part of the secular *mythos* of the modern era.

The object of the liberal history lesson is to show that religious devotion and personal liberty are incompatible. In proof of this, we are told that freedom existed in the ancient world under the Greeks and (less notably) the Romans, a happy experiment suppressed by the coming of Christianity. Through its insistence on other-worldly absolutes, Christian faith succeeded in immobilizing Western man for centuries until the Renaissance and Enlightenment restored the pagan zest for life and brought on the present epoch of liberty. From that point forward we have been engaged in an exciting surge of secular progress, the end of which is not yet in sight.

The books before us demonstrate, among other things, that this chronology is not only mistaken but a tragic inversion of the truth: that, far from enslaving Western man, the advent of Christianity made him free; that the metaphysics and practical building stones of Western liberty are direct and demonstrable products of the Judaeo-Christian experience; and that the onset of modernity in the Renaissance, insofar as it signaled a rejection of Christian principle and a revival of pagan attitudes, has been profoundly hostile to freedom.

The affirmative side of this presentation is given us by Dr. Roche, the negative by Dr. Carson. *Legacy of Freedom* traces the growth of Western ideas of liberty, and their subsequent realization in political practice, from

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classical antiquity to the founding of the United States. While paying full deference to the achievement of the ancients, Roche makes it plain that the birth of freedom as we understand it was dependent on the Christian vision, which confined the power of the state, affirmed the dignity of the person and introduced to Western society the conception of a volitional order founded on common adherence to public truth.

Roche touches on these points in a passage summarizing the political insights of St. Augustine. He observes that the Bishop of Hippo "viewed human government as legitimate and necessary, so long as it was realized that the power of government was limited to temporary and practical ends. . . . [He] believed that the state trespasses at the point at which it . . . [exceeds] the minimum standards necessary for orderly operation of the earthly city. Thus Augustine broke decisively with the classical tradition by depriving the state of its divinity, and seeking instead to order society through the exercise of the individual human will."

It was by grasping a principle higher than and other than the state, in sum, that Western man came at last to devise a system of political liberty. In terms of this ordering principle, the subsidiary institutions of the free society move gradually but surely into place: constitutionalism, government by consent, diffusion of power, safeguards for

the rights of the individual. These practices form a coherent libertarian structure precisely because they are fitted into a metaphysical scale and organized around its unchanging imperatives. Secular liberties become possible only to the extent that man's consciousness is opened to a higher-than-secular reality.

Dr. Carson shows us what can happen—what has happened—when our grip on this reality becomes enfeebled. While the modern rush into subjectivism has been advertised as an effort to attain freedom, the result has been just the opposite. Cut off from their roots in religious understanding, secular agencies cannot sustain a regime of volition. Any body of thought that denies the existence of objective criteria of right must lead on through political fantasy to Promethean dreams of world upheaval and to the brutal rule of might. Carson documents at considerable length the passage of the modern psyche through these successive stages, and the resultant contraction in the range of human liberty.

He argues that our troubles are destined to continue until we return to the perception that ours is an ordered universe, that there is a structure of reality outside our subjective whim, and that the fundamental character of this reality cannot be made over by human presumption. The long train of utopian, social-engineering, and totalitarian assaults upon man's essential nature cannot be halted in the absence of religious-ethical restoration. It is well to pursue our political programs to limit government, he concludes, but these must be founded on spiritual renewal if they are ever to succeed.

Taken together, the Roche and Carson volumes make a convincing case that human liberty, far from being diminished by religious absolutes, is completely reliant on them. To the extent that such absolutes gain sway in society, the power of the state may be held in check, the dignity of the person affirmed and the ability of men to conduct their affairs in voluntary harmony made secure. To the extent that these absolutes are forsaken or twisted out of recognition, as they have been in the modern world, these prerequisites of freedom will be increasingly in danger.

Both authors work on a large canvas, treating deep subjects in necessarily broad strokes. While this will no doubt cause scholars in one field or another to differ with some aspect of their interpretation, the general thrust of their arguments seems, to this layman at least, irrefutable, while the popular rendering will help make their books accessible to the general reading public. □

From Trust to Terror: The Onset of the Cold War, 1945-1950
By Herbert Feis
Norton, 428 pp., $10

FLAWED STUDY OF THE COLD WAR

JOHN LUKACS

"People," Dr. Johnson said, "need to be reminded more often than they need to be instructed." In this book Herbert Feis does neither. This book is a tragedy, a failure of a man who knew better. His earlier books showed that. Feis was a reliable chronicler of the international history of the Second World War, usually from the American side with a liberal perspective. He occupied important positions in the State Department in the Thirties and the Forties—a high Establishment career in the Roosevelt and Truman eras. At the same time he could rise above his professional situation in becoming an unusually competent contemporary historian whose interpretations of American diplomacy reflected a perhaps more than customary degree of detachment.

As time went on his mind showed a decreasing amount of trust in the usual liberal apologetics for American foreign policy during the last world war. Feis was not a revisionist in the best sense of the term, he was very far from being a fashionable revisionist of the kind that now abound. During a college conference devoted to Roosevelt he was unusually forthright in saying that many of Roosevelt's policy mistakes during the war had been the results of his fateful, and sometimes maddening, habit of procrastination—something that runs counter to the usual image of the dynamic, insouciant statesman and war leader. Few historians have noted this Rooseveltian trait, perhaps regrettably so.

Between 1945 and 1947 the Government of the United States decided on a course of opposition to the Soviet Union. It abandoned its earlier policy of seeking a general accommodation with the Soviets. This was one of the greatest events in the history of America's international relations. Many books have now been written on the origins of the cold war, a topic that lately seems to have been monopolized

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ither by European journalists or by ntellectual opportunists in the Ameri-an academy. The incompetence of he latter in reconstructing history is often a result of choice as well as of character—a curious, yet predictable, ombination of intellectual malady hat has, as yet, escaped the patho-enetic analysis of twentieth-century in-ellectual life.

Herbert Feis was very well equipped o write a reliable history of 1945-1950, need be from the vantage points of Vashington and of New York. But hat he produced is a jagged and jour-alistic account, with chopped-up para-raphs and subchapters, jumping from lace to place and from continent to ontinent. While he was not a master f high style, in his earlier books Feis ould produce a competent and clear ind of English that could be (alas, is not) emulated with profit by many ounger historians. But now:

> Berlin was encapsulated in these zonal plans for Germany, but how is best kept in escrow until we travel to the time when the rights of access from the Western zone to Berlin were denied and Berlin was blockaded (see Part Nine).

his is the end of a chapter. Here is ie beginning of another chapter:

> Even though at its end accords were signed, the conference at Potsdam in July-August 1945 about the deranged situations in Europe was an abrasive experience. It turned into a court of claims rather than a prayer meeting in commemoration of the millions of dead.

His customarily fair knowledge of odern European history deserts Feis. e writes of Polish Catholics as "Or-odox Catholics" (presumably meang "orthodox" in lower case), unaware the fact that Orthodox Catholics ppened and happen to be Ukrainians, entirely different kettle of carp.

He is at his best when he criticizes e pompous inanities of Bernard Ba-ch; he stops short of inquiring into e pompous shallowness of Acheson. is not so much that his indignations e selective; this is a book hastily put gether by a man whose mind has own weary. It is patchy and erratic; it has a thesis, it is that the cold war as the result of mutual misunder-andings—which is not enough. Feis right in blaming Stalin rather than ruman; but that, too, is not enough. e says very little about the inade-quacy of the American reactions to the Soviets' settling down in the middle of Europe, to this massive Soviet presence (which was a presence rather than an outright threat); of the misinterpreta-tions of the mainsprings of Russian aspirations; of American public opinion and of the opinion-makers; of the pos-sible alternatives open to the United States and Britain; and of many other important matters.

This is a pity. We are in need of a judicious book-length reconstruction of this decisive period in the history of the United States and of the world. Feis' credentials, together with his demon-strated ability, would have been a great help in this. So much of the history of those years is now put together by people who merely project their present political animosities into the past: peo-ple who do not know, did not know, and do not in the least wish to under-stand that past. Herbert Feis knew some of that past; he mulled over it; he rose above it on occasion. But this book tells little of the past or even of the present; it is put together with mental Scotch tape, full of creases—perhaps the result of a now-trembling hand. □

The Self-Inflicted Wound
By Fred P. Graham
Macmillan, 377 pp., $7.95

THE COURT, CONGRESS, AND THE PEOPLE

JAMES MC CLELLAN

There was a time when lawyers formed a powerful counterpoise to radicalism in these United States. The American legal mind has traditionally been a conservative mind, venerating higher law, *stare decisis*, and what Burke called the "prescriptive rights." The leaders of the profession—men like Story and Kent—had an abiding re-spect for history and the Black Letter philosophers; their knowledge of the law extended all the way from the Law of Twelve Tables to the treatises of Coke and Blackstone. Tocqueville attributed their conservatism to the pe-culiar character of legal education: Men who study the law acquire "cer-tain habits of order, a taste for formali-ties and a kind of instinctive regard for the regular connection of ideas, which naturally render them very hostile to the revolutionary spirit."

Comes now the modern legal coun-selor. If he has ever heard of the Code of Justinian, he has probably never read it. His grasp of legal history is apt to be feeble; his understanding of the natural law tradition and of legal phil-osophy in general is likely to be shal-low. The compass of his legal study has frequently been narrowed down to that of a law clerk, who simply records the current cases. His mentors are Oliver Wendell Holmes ("I don't know what truth is") and the New Deal lawyers. Consciously or unconsciously, he plods under the spell of Legal Realism, which promises a science of law and "social justice" in our time.

Fred Graham, Supreme Court cor-respondent for the *New York Times*, is a representative sampling of today's law school product. His approach to constitutional law, like that of Holmes, is utilitarian, or what the pedants call "result-oriented." Decisions handed down by the Nebulous Nine are to be judged principally by their social utility. Graham relies chiefly on two criteria for determining the worth of particular decisions. First, do the statistics support the results intended by the judges? Secondly—and here we see at work the pernicious influence of Alexander Bickel—was the decision properly timed so as to escape notice or meet with public approval? Never mind the intent of the Framers and the Consti-tution, or those embarrassing prece-dents.

WITH THESE STANDARDS IN HAND, Gra-ham has critically assessed the Warren Court's revolutionary rulings on crimi-nal law. The self-inflicted wound is *Miranda* v. *Arizona*, wherein the Court extended the right of counsel to in-terrogations in order to protect the right against self-incrimination. The High Court foolishly imperiled its Absolute Sovereignty, bemoans the au-thor, because it incurred the wrath of Congress and "rushed into a decision, when it could have been delayed. It had chosen an artificially mechanical solu-tion, when human judgment was in-evitable. And finally, it gave the ruling partially retroactive effect, to the bene-fit of none but a few confessed crimi-nals and the most ruthless of the Court's enemies. And so the ultimate judgment of the Warren Court's in-

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volvement in the question of confessions is likely to be not whether suspects should be warned of their rights, but whether *Miranda* v. *Arizona* was worth the price."

Likewise, the Court blundered in *Wade* v. *United States*, which held that suspects are entitled to counsel at police lineups. Not only was the decision fatuously "announced at the height of the backlash against the *Miranda* v. *Arizona* ruling," complains Graham, but events have since shown that lawyers are usually unable or unwilling to help their clients at lineups anyway.

On the other hand, the author views most of the Warren Court decisions on criminal law as major "reforms." He claims to be a "neutral observer," but it is abundantly clear that he is against the cops and for the robbers. In the face of his own statistics on the soaring crime rate, he doggedly insists that the overriding question now is, "Who will police the police if the Supreme Court has in fact failed?" (state legislatures and judiciaries don't count). Even so, Graham is honest enough to admit that all is not well in the Great Temple. The book is dripping with valuable statistics—some lending weight to the charge that the Court is hampering law enforcement—and his discourse is interlarded with informative on-the-scene accounts and critical insights into the problem of implementation. The absence, however, of any real analysis of the reasoning employed by the judges in these opinions renders the book generally superficial.

At bottom, this book is a defense of the Supreme Court and a warning to the judges to lay low. What frightens Graham is the American people, who through their elected officials rose up in anger and mortally wounded some of these outlandish decisions of the Warren Court in the Omnibus Crimes Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968. The book closes with a surprise ending: an astonishing argument that Congress cannot constitutionally limit the appellate jurisdiction of the Court as it sees fit, together with an appeal to the public "to support the Court in a showdown with Congress."

But of course Graham's fears are unfounded. The threat to liberty is the free swinging radicalism of the judges, not the whimsical conservatism of Congress. We are reminded that Tocqueville questioned whether our political institutions could long be maintained if there was not an admixture of lawyerlike sobriety with the revolutionary spirit. Now that the legal profession has largely ceased to be the restraining influence that it once was, the role of policeman has shifted by default to the citizens themselves. If their representatives don't control the radicalism of the Court, who will? No one, if the Fred Grahams have their way. □

Andrew Carnegie
By Joseph Frazier Wall
Oxford, 1137 pp., $1

CARNEGIE AND THE PROBLEM OF EMPIRE

J. BERNARD BURNHAM

The growth of the American empir like that of all empires, has been slow and painful process. It goes c today, albeit at a slower pace tha formerly, but the dilemmas and cor tradictions remain as strong as eve While Senator Fulbright conjures u visions of disastrous Athenian exped tions to Sicily, American capital ar engineers open up vast ore bodies Australia; at NASA tracking-statio throughout the world, technicians liste for the signals of our satellites ove head, and Americans fall on the fie of battle in Vietnam, Korea, Urugua and Jordan.

Andrew Carnegie epitomized tl reason for empire—and attacked bitterly. His like is not around toda Cyrus Eaton is only a poor substitu for a man who built a billion doll fiefdom of iron and steel, sent h products all over the globe—and c fered President McKinley $20 milli to give the Philippines their indepe

RANDOM NOTES

■ Out This Month: Rowland Berthoff surveys *An Unsettled People: Social Order and Disorder in American History*, thinks stability may be just around the corner (Harper, $12.50). . . . Will Oursler assails liberal trends in Protestantism, dubs the National Council of Churches "the Vatican on the Hudson" in *Protestant Power and the Coming Revolution* (Doubleday, $5.95). . . . Jumping the gun on election year bios is *Muskie* by Theo Lippman Jr. and Donald C. Hansen (Norton, $6.95). . . . In his autobiography, *The Alvin Karpis Story*, the former Public Enemy Number One denies that J. Edgar Hoover personally captured him (Coward, $6.95).

Edward Dicey was an English journalist who covered the American Civil War, talked with Lincoln and a host of plain people on both sides. His writings, edited by *New York Times* man Herbert Mitgang, appear here for the first time as *Spectator of America* (Quadrangle, $7.95). . . . Still in there pitching, Wodehouse unveils *The Girl in the Blue* (Simon & Schuster, $5.95). . . . Two from Harcourt by Teilhard de Chardin: *Human Energy* ($5.95) and *Activation of Energy* ($7.50).

■ Selling Nooses to Capitalists: Liberal *Gallagher Report*, Mad Ave gossip sheet, polled its Ulcer Alley readership, came up with "The One Person Who Did Most for the Advertising Industry During 1970." Ralph Nader! Gallagher himself, in his President's Report, salutes the "Top Ten public service leaders of 1970." Bernie's picks: Morris Abram, Shirley Chisholm, John Gardner, Kenneth Gibson, Nader, Wright Patman, William Proxmire, Fred Rooney, William Scranton, Henry Steeger (ex-head of Urban League).

■ Films: Albert Pickus, former head of the Theater Owners of America, thinks fast-buck sexploitation movies endanger the industry. "If we are to build a sound future, much, much more is at stake th the single yardstick of box-office perfor ance," maintains Pickus. "When peo leave a theater with a bad taste in th mouths, we are not going to find it ea to get them back.". . . Jonathan Axelr penning a script for Warner Bros. call *Go Left, Young Man*—only it's about kid who turns right to rebel against r parents.

■ March Books from Harper: *T Grundisse*, by Karl Marx, appears in E lish for the first time in David McLella translation ($5.95). . . . Stephen Birmi ham follows *Our Crowd* with a look another Jewish aristocratic set in *T Grandees: America's Sephardic El* ($10). . . . Bill Moyers took a little t and out came *Listening to Ameri* ($7.50). . . . Allen W. Trelease studi the Klan from its origins in *White Terr* ($12.50). . . . Another Bobby book, t one by aide Ed Gutham: *We Band Brothers* ($7.95).

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ence, so that he could "restore our epublic to its first principles." Caregie supplied the armor plate for his overnment's warships—and was reponsible for a peace conference that hose to convene in Germany on ugust 1, 1914. Here was a man who isisted on a twelve-hour day, seven-ay week for his mill hands—and who ave them libraries for their off-hours. ny nation that can encompass such grand scale of contradictions bound p in one man is a force to be ckoned with.

Joseph Frazier Wall has given us a iperb eleven hundred page narrative hich does much to explain why Anrew Carnegie could carry out many these seemingly contradictory acts. rofessor Wall (Grinnell College) has ot only assembled a most complete t of materials for a Carnegie biraphy, but has accomplished the unommon feat of writing a definitive ork with a style that leads the reader n and on, until he finds to his surprise at he has ripped off yet another hunred pages. While Professor Wall is a utious scholar (he must have a aque in his study: Biographers Do ot Speculate), there is no pedantry re, even if a sense of humor is cking.

NTERSPERSED THROUGHOUT THE BOOK e a number of highly instructive and adable essays: the economics of the eaving industry in nineteenth-century otland, the Chartist movement, the ture of nineteenth-century American pitalism, and the influence of Herbert encer on American business mores. all of these, Professor Wall is cononting the pet interpretations of ecialist historians, as well as addresng the general public, yet such is his asp of the material and his command exposition that the lay reader should d no difficulty in following, or being structed by, the arguments.

How does a man parlay six shares Adams Express, bought with a loan om his employer (Mr. Scott, of the nnsylvania Railroad) into $300 milon of first-mortgage bonds in a Hoken bank vault? Professor Wall takes careful look at the record (which sults in some substantial revisions Carnegie's famous *Autobiography*) d concludes that pure luck and the w of compound interest played very portant roles. Neither of these facrs, however, is independent of character. If it was lightning that struck Andy Carnegie, he was always careful to hang around the tree at the top of the hill. "Scott's little Andy" was Mr. Carnegie's well-earned appellation in his early years, and he was always careful to cultivate the approval of his superiors, a practice he carried over to later years when he left the steel business and took up his hobby of giving advice to presidents and princes.

And the law of compound interest works most to one's advantage when all earnings are reinvested. This is something that Carnegie (and all builders of business empires) understood very well, and that most of his associates (Frick and Schwab excluded) found most trying when it came time to declare the yearly dividend. But who remembers Adams Express (which little Andy eventually paid for out of its own dividends)? And who can forget U.S. Steel, J. P. Morgan's transformation of Carnegie Company?

As a narrative *Andrew Carnegie* is a complete success, even if the problems of giving wealth away (which occupy some two hundred pages) are considerably less interesting than those involved in achieving it. As a biography, however, the book suffers from a lack of effort to tackle one crucial contradiction (at least to twentieth-century sensibilities). As Theodore Roosevelt put it, when complaining about Carnegie's opposition to the Spanish-American War and its settlement: "All the suffering [in the war] comes far short of the suffering, preventable and non-preventable, among the operators of the Carnegie steel works, and among the small investors during the time Carnegie was making his fortune." Did Carnegie himself ever attempt to reconcile his personal business philosophy and its effects on the lives of those who worked for him with his grandiose ideas of how nations should treat one another? Apparently not, for Professor Wall, who appears to have read every scrap of his subject's voluminous published writings, as well as most of his personal and business papers, makes no citations. But this does not let the author off the hook; here a little thoughtful speculation is called for—and lacking.

Carnegie's importance, however, does not lie in how he rationalized his rules for mill hands and his rules for nations. Rather, it lies in his personification of the power which has given America an empire, and of the reluctance of the American people to rule it intelligently. And on this interpretation, Professor Wall has written an important biography. □

THEATER

FAIRY TALES REDONE

RICHMOND CRINKLEY

Bedtime stories have always been close-up tales, with teller and told-to only a foot or two apart, the light usually low, the narrative familiar, taking on bizarre twists as the hearer drifted into sleep. Since fairy tales mirror the thoughts of our unconscious minds, it is not surprising to find a generation of theatrical producers, grounded in Freudian and Jungian assumptions, going to the literature of childhood for material. Paul Sills' much-heralded *Story Theater* and André Gregory's *Alice in Wonderland* have the common virtue of familiarity.

Somewhat swallowed in the Ambassador Theater, *Story Theater* as every theater-goer knows by now, is an exercise in the retelling of well-known fairy tales by Paul Sills' inventive and versatile group of actors. In the Ambassador the stories are mostly from the Brothers Grimm—stalwarts such as "The Golden Goose" and "The Fisherman and the Flounder" taking pride of place. *Alice*, likewise long and appropriately celebrated underground before making its New York appearance, is similarly familiar but the familiarity is used in *Alice* for a different purpose.

Because the Sills company is showing its wares on Broadway, the response to its work is likely to be something of self-congratulation on the part of the audience. All around the audience adults pat themselves on the back for remembering what happened to the donkey and the cock and the hound who went to Bremen—just like their children, who delight in remembering who-does-what-in-what-order in many of the same nursery tales. And the rebirth of innocence cannot be taken too lightly. Doubtless there is a dark side to the Brothers Grimm, as in "The Robber Bridegroom," but it gets lost

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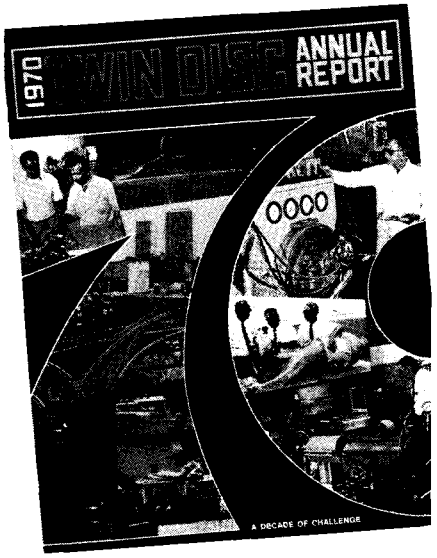
A decade of challenge



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in the low-key hilarity with which the company enacts most of the tales.

The experimental *Alice in Wonderland* is quite a different story. Gregory and the Extension have not pretended to be giving us Carroll's *Alice*, which is, in any case, a book and not a play. They have been roundly denounced by some critics for not doing so. Some people doubtless go to see this *Alice* hoping to see Tenniel drawings come to life; but the spirit of literary embalming, which such an attitude to theater implies, really ignores one of the basic principles of theatrical creation: Most good things grow organically out of other good things, to which, however, they bear no carbon-copy relation.

Gregory's principle, like Shakespeare's with *Hamlet*, has been to take a work that is public property, known to most potential members of the audience, and to adapt it for theatrical purposes. Perhaps predictably, the Gregory *Alice* emphasizes the manic in the book. The prettiness is a kind of little Jewish girl trying to cope prettiness, which is quite pretty indeed. The mad tea party is really mad, just frightening enough. And both Humpty-Dumpty and the Caterpillar have a nice ambivalence, rolling or slithering back and forth between the grotesque and the whimsical.

If Gregory has failed at all, it is (curiously) in following his source too closely. The White Knight is a bore, though a well-played bore, and the final twenty minutes of the piece leave the audience panting to get out of the theater just to be rid of that drearily repetitive conversation. Here Carroll's plot development could profitably have been junked and some shrewd rearrangements made.

All in all, though, this is a fine production, one of the most exciting evenings in the somewhat-experimental theater that one could spend. Response depends on just where Carroll is in the viewer's mind. If he is in the front, bad luck, back to the paperbacks. If he is in the back, just below the level of conscious comparisons, much better. The evening can really be appreciated.

THE GREGORY *Alice* bears none of the hallmarks of contemporaneity that alternately distinguish and mar much current theater: no nudity, not much audience contact, no four-letter words. It won't shock anyone. Nor will it probably bore anyone except at the end. Sills' *Story Theater* might have had the same impact, had it been in a small theater. The grotesque might have bee a little more grotesque, the comfortabl a little less comfortable, and that astrin gent sting that provides so much of th pleasure in *Alice* would then come a formidably from the Brothers Grimr onstage as it does from *Alice* onstage

The church in which the Extensio *Alice* is mounted puts the audience vi tually on top of the action. The actor like the storyteller, are right there. I *Story Theater* both the theater and th stage are so big that the actors have t toil to fill them up. The audience fee distanced in the wrong sense. Those ar little people, a long way away, doin little things. One does not want to in pose literary aesthetics on theater. Bu theatrical fairy tales seem to need th closeup that bedtime stories hav *Alice* has it, and that is one of th reasons *Alice* succeeds so well an *Story Theater* only fitfully. [

ROCK

BOB DYLAN: A PRE-OBITUARY

PETER J. McCANN

Bob Dylan injected art into a popul culture infested with the rinky-din the stylistic debt owed him by eve major rock or folk performer since h debut is unquestionable. In a mark that constantly and consciously soug after material of a rebellious nature, l said it all and he said it well. He chos as subject matter for his best effor acts of desperation by the lower class and social indifference in higher circle

But Dylan never belonged to tl Crusader Rabbit set. He was nothi like, for example, Joan Baez, who cou (God knows how) walk with an i credibly diverse set of picketlines, flo on stage, resplendent in the latest bu lap, sing of poverty and demand check for nine grand, all in the san day. He was a non-member of the n merous leftist groups which claim him as their spokesman and prophe He is a gentle man. The Weatherme took their name from one of his song but he would be revolted by their vi lence.

I would not be alone in ranking hi as an American poet of value, but fro genuine poets, one expects genuir poetry. All except his last three album

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Nashville Skyline, *Self-Portrait* and *New Morning*, provide this.

Nashville Skyline came as a cliché-idden shock to many of his followers. t was a musically pleasing best-seller, ut it was also poetically unimportant. Consequently, a wait-and-see attitude eveloped, which was rewarded horri-ly with *Self-Portrait*. In comparison ith his earlier originality, this was an ffront to his audience, which deserved ie many negative reviews it received.

was poorly written, poorly per-ormed, and poorly recorded. In *New lorning*, Dylan managed to creep back p to the musical level of *Nashville kyline*. It was a well produced album, ut still very disappointing with regard content. His lyrics have been some-mes sad and beautiful, sometimes piti-ss toward those he hated. Now they e sheer drivel.

There was one positive change in *'ashville Skyline*. The Dylan who used sing as if he were being indiscrimi-ately tortured by an apprentice spot-elder was gone. He reverts to his old yle in *Self-Portrait* and *New Morning*, ut for once we had heard his real oice, a rich and pleasing baritone of ue quality and range.

DYLAN'S MUSIC has taken three forms strumentally, with the latest form a cided change for the worse as far as s poetry seems to be affected by it. At st, his recordings were characterized self-accompaniment. Later he went er to a choppy rock style which cked musical cohesion for the most rt, even though there were often me very fine musicians involved. The ums *Bringin' It All Back Home* and *onde on Blonde* exemplify this style. *hn Wesley Harding*, *Nashville Sky-e* and *New Morning* show the third ase, a slick, well-orchestrated Coun-y-and-Western background, with *ashville Skyline* being the most elabo-te. *Self-Portrait* displays musical dis-gard. But his fans were always willing forgive his music for what it was, erely a vehicle for his poetry. At pres-t, Dylan is disappointing people in th areas.

I was sitting on the slopes of a Joan ez concert in 1964 when I first saw ylan live. He was in the area and had opped in, effectively stealing the stage th then unrecorded hits such as *It in't Me Babe*. He seems to have oled a bit toward the idea of im-omptu appearances, when one con-lers his reported refusal to step on-age last summer at a rock festival in Britain until he had a firm hold on an $84,000 check. It may be that too much money has passed through his hands since the days when he wrote minor classics and slept where he could in Greenwich Village. One thing is sure. His desire to write valuable verse dis-appeared with his old life-style.

The Beatles' White Double Album, released just before Christmas of last year, was a great disappointment to many. It was thrown together with an apparent air of jocularity and disregard for audience. But they followed it with an album that many consider their finest effort yet. We may hope the same from the man to whom the Beatles ad-mittedly owe so much. Perhaps he is an unwilling victim of money, a prime suspect in the murder of much talent. Another, more frightening, possibility is that Dylan has simply shot his wad.

Although, in his past work, he was politically offensive to some, and musi-cally objectionable to many, he was then what he is not now, a poet of force, who affected the consciousness of a generation. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

BUT WHAT'S HE REALLY LIKE?, *by Kathy Randall Davis (Pacific Coast Publishers, 113 pp., $5.95)*. One of the ironies of Gov-ernor Reagan's career is that although he is accused of rising on a generated tide of publicity, he has been uncommonly (but not improperly) reluctant to allow publicity about those aspects of his life that do not directly pertain to public business. Mrs. Davis, a former private secretary to the Governor, has compiled an amiable volume of pictures and chatty text that gives a small glimpse of the man in the semi-privacy of his office. Mrs. Davis' volume contains nothing of interest to historians, which is to say it only marginally compromises the Governor's preference for privacy. This is because the book is about the routine of the Governor's office, and only tangentially about the Governor himself. It does convey some of flavor of life in a political office, and it will be amusing to executive secre-taries everywhere. G. WILL

MAX JAMISON, *by Wilfrid Sheed (Farrar, $6.50). Max Jamison* is Wilfrid Sheed's most successful novel to date. Sheed writes excellent criticism but his fiction hasn't al-ways been able to live up to the promise of its prose. The style is intelligent, fluid and highly distinctive but the results have often been thin. Perhaps the very cleverness of Sheed's prose has defeated him. His subject matter has always had to subordinate itself to the style. Although *Max Jamison* shows Sheed at his most stylistic, the novel is nevertheless successful. Perhaps it's because the style so aptly defines the central char-acter. Jamison is a critic on the verge of in-sanity, and Sheed can validly allow his prose to take control. The book is largely a drama-tization of Jamison's interior monologues, hilarious but agonizing. Jamison, as a critic, is doomed to view life as bad drama and his own position as the hero of the play has be-come increasingly untenable. His second wife has left him, a romance falls through, he has sold his talents, he fears, to the pop-ular market, and it becomes increasingly hard for him to think of himself in heroic terms. Predictably Jamison retreats to the womb of the academy. Not at all a satisfy-ing compromise. Sheed leaves Jamison doz-ing in the academic sun, an unpleasant re-minder to Sheed's colleagues, and perhaps to Sheed himself, of what can happen when the critical faculty goes unchecked.

P. S. COYNE

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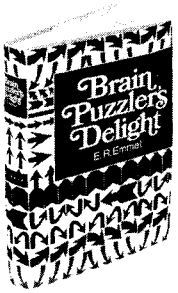

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 118)

rates enabled inefficient firms to enter th securities business. The roster of failure includes many old-line firms whose di ficulties stemmed from a variety of cause I also question your conclusion that th health of the Exchange would be in proved by squeezing out of business a but the giant brokerage firms. Abandoi ing fixed commissions would not on drive out inefficient firms but also wou eliminate all but the highly capitalize few which could withstand the ensuir destructive commission-rate competitio

I am not suggesting that reforms a not needed and that the mechanis should not be improved, but the Ne York Stock Exchange performs such vital role in our economic system th intelligent and thoughtful care must taken to insure that the marketplace not destroyed by those who seek save it.

New York, N.Y. LEON J. WE

1) We used "monopoly pricing" in t sense that the New York Stock Exchang not the impartial forces of supply a demand for brokers' services, attempts fix the minimum price which NYSE me bers must charge for executing a trac

2) True, other businesses have fix commission schedules, but such comm sions are almost always subject to d counts and rebates (in the form of ca or additional services), the amount pending on the bargaining power of t customer. Many NYSE members attem to engage in similar practices, althou most of them are illegal under Exchan rules.

3) We agree that maintaining and i proving the depth and liquidity of t NYSE is a desirable objective. But should be clear by now that many trac are being diverted off the Big Boa because *of the fixed commissions. In t past three years trading in NYSE-list stocks on regional exchanges and in t third market has doubled, from 10 p cent to 20 per cent of the trades carri out on the Big Board itself. Clear members are withdrawing trades from t Exchange as a result of the schedule, conclusion in which we are joined NYSE President Robert Haack.*

4) We should have included inefficie old line firms as well as Johnny-con latelies who went under in the Gr Back Office Crush.

5) The health of the NYSE will measured by its share of the nationwi trading in corporate stock, not by t number of NYSE member firms. T benefits to the general public of "destru tive competition," whether it is in ga line, savings accounts, amenities on trai continental jet flights or, we predict, trading common stock, far outweigh t costs to inefficient firms. —I

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ANDERSON
(Continued from page 139)

ıto a shotgun wedding with the Com-ıunists to form the present ruling arty.

By following every twist and turn of ıe Kremlin line, he managed to stay ı power from 1952 to 1970. He very early lost out in the January 1957 ections when his denunciations of the oznan riots as being inspired by "West-ın imperialists" returned to haunt him. ı 1956 he also warned that any ıand" raised to break the "people's ower" would be smashed. Hundreds f plaster of Paris hands were mailed) him.

Unlike many of his comrades, 'yrankiewicz is sort of an elderly vinger who likes fast cars and the ompany of intellectuals, writers, actors ıd artists. His second wife is an actress ho is said to receive her roles be-ıuse of her marriage to him.

The reshuffling in Poland has re-ıoved some old faces, but will the new aders be any more capable of solving e major economic problems that ought about the change? The party isis sparked by the student riots of arch 1968 opened up wide discus-ons of economic policies between adicals" who deplore income differ-ıces as incompatible with socialism ıd the "modernists" who see them as tal for economic growth. How to pro-de the Poles with adequate consumer ods, an apartment, a vacation or a ıall car without whetting their ap-tites for more and more money with hich to buy them? And still maintain e veneer of "socialist egalitarianism"? ıis means curtailed raises and higher ices to curb buying.

As it turned out, the workers on the ıltic did not go along with this, nor d Gierek who raised wages on Jan-ıry 1.

Of all the world's nations, Poland d Spain most closely resemble one ıother. Their populations, more than million, are virtually the same. Their oss national products, $24.5 billion, e the same. Their adherence to their ıtholic faith are equally fervent. Both ve romantic and heroic pasts and like think of themselves as historically fending the outermost bulwarks of hristian Western civilization.

The tragedy of Poland, however, is at her geography precludes an orderly lution to her present problems, and r dilemma is that there is none other. □

MOSES
(Continued from page 144)

other at least a little) do what *they* think is needed to affect the quality of their lives.

Apparently the loyal squares who constitute most of the Yale alumni, characterized as obsolescent and marked for early extinction, are expected by John Hersey not only to endure without resentment being scolded and patronized, but to continue to fork out the long green to keep the mortgage from being foreclosed. Hersey lightly ignores the recession, stoppages of work, demands that wages be more equitably adjusted to the cost of living and other evidences of inflation which threaten the pursuit of the eternal verities in such pleasant havens as Pierson College.

Says Hersey, agonizing over the college dilemma:

> Oh, Christ, I hate descending to such b------ting rhetoric—but where can one find the right words, when the handful of men and women who presently have the power to bring the changes that will keep Yale and all the other marvelous places like it alive can't seem to realize what an extremity we have reached?

To the extent that John Hersey has doubts about the deliberate speed of the Yale corporation I can sympathize with his feeling. Twenty years ago I timidly suggested that Elm Street, a main highway, could easily be depressed and roofed over as a simple way of unifying the old campus. The subject is still under discussion and my friend Juan Trippe, a member of the corporation whose airborne fleet girdles the globe with the sonic booms of Pan American, assured me not long ago that Elm Street remains in the Yale program. It may be that the corporation moves faster in the realm of sociology, psychiatry and politics.

I realize that resort to homely simile is almost futile in such contexts. In terms of conservation of energy, youth has everything to offer the world, an immense storage reservoir of idealism, generosity and goodwill fed from distant sources in high places and requiring control if it is not to run to tragic, wanton, destructive waste. The Hersey rhetoric presents no metaphor the alumni can grasp, and releases no energy for constructive purposes. It conserves nothing. It is muted cheer for chaos. □

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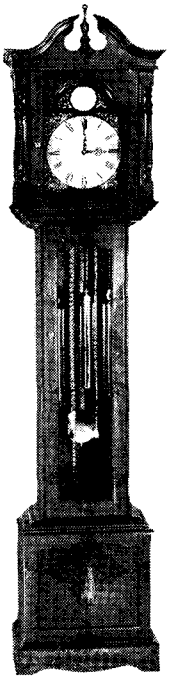

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(Mr. Patrick is National Commander of the American Legion. The quotation is from *American Legion* Magazine, January 1970.)

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The Right - Radicals

On The Right

New York, Jan. 25—The *New York Times Magazine* has recently given over its pages to two extensive treatments of the so-called radical libertarian position in American politics, the first a profile of Karl Hess, who is one of the movement's most conspicuous publicists, and now an article by two undergraduates at Columbia University who appear grim-faced, on the cover, separated by a mammoth clenched fist, under the legend: Laissez-faire. These two students have pronounced the conservative movement in America dead; dead of over-indulgence of state welfarism.

The story is that the conservative movement was corrupted during the Fifties and the Sixties, first by messianic anti-Communism, which played into the hands of the state; and during the late Sixties, by Richard Nixon, who has no zeal whatever, they claim (correctly, I think), for dismantling the great complex of statist mores and folkways that bind down the people. Who are the bards of these young men? They list a few, among them Spinoza the philosopher, the most spectacular co-option in intellectual history, inasmuch as Spinoza believed not only in the absolute authority of the state, but in metaphysical correspondence between the state's decisions, and that which is "right."

Next, Robert Heinlein, for writing a novel called *The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress*, a book I have not read, but which is in the genre of Felix Morley and Henry Hazlitt and Ayn Rand, who wrote novels on the theme of isolated societies that gradually discovered the utility of freedom. Ayn Rand is identified as "the key philosopher" because her works stress the uniqueness of the individual, and the evils of what she calls "altruism." And then an affable and talented absolutist, Professor Murray Rothbard.

Anyway, these gentlemen—and they claim to speak for a large number of students throughout the country—proceed from altogether sound first principles, namely that the job of the state is, most of the time, to be seen but not heard. So what else is new? Dr. Johnson said that the end of political liberty is personal liberty. But Dr. Johnson never denied a role to the state. James Madison warned that the state can only do something for you, in proportion as it can do something to you. Even Ayn Rand used to attend all the anti-Communist rallies in New York City.

The absolutization of freedom by these gentlemen is the oldest and most tempting heresy, reminding us of Mark Twain's observation that the difference between the right word and almost the right word is the difference between lightning and lightning-bug. Thus, through fanaticism, one marches to such amiable lunacies as Murray Rothbard's, who proposes that we shall sell off the lighthouses, which can thereafter support themselves by collecting a dollar or two from ships in the storm who use the lighthouses' beams to their advantage. Or to young David Friedman's proposal that the Apollo program should have been financed by the television and radio stations that recorded the moon-landing. At a level that departs from intellectual frolic and suggests a nauseating fascination for objectionable comparisons, there is Karl Hess, who says that the Soviet Union is slightly to be preferred to the United States, because the Soviet Union executed Beria, and we still have J. Edgar Hoover.

STILL, for all the unsmiling enormities, the radical libertarians have a great deal to contribute, and those conservatives who have warned for years against unthinking and unnecessary aggrandizements in state power should welcome their appearance, provided they do not end by discrediting the right-wing movement: by aspiring to the role of the Birchers of the Seventies. Mr. Nixon has not sufficiently indulged the presumptions in favor of individual liberty. It simply defies the understanding why he has not, for instance, made combat duty in Vietnam a voluntary enterprise. When, if not now, is the time to call for an orderly liquidation of the preposterous agricultural programs? Of the inexplicable license given to the monopoly labor unions to compel membership, and to conspire in restraint of trade? When will we begin the great disestablishment of those useless agencies that clutter Washington, D.C. ar feed on social energy?

A leaven of eighteen-karat libe tarianism is needed, especially insof as it is analytical (rather than hort tory), and existential (rather than the logical). It is one thing to demonstra that a federal program is hurting tl poor people it aims to help, and that tl country would be better off reduci the size of government. It is another shout blindly against necessary instit tions, and to worship unthinkingly the altar of Ayn Rand. The kids w have to police themselves, and sele their leaders with a little care.

ARE YOU A KEYNESIAN?

New York, Ja 20—A lot of pe ple are snickeri about the rema Mr. Nixon portedly made to Howard K. Smi of the American Broadcasting Syste after the television interview of a we or two ago. "One interesting thing M Nixon said to us after the intervie was—'I am now a Keynesian in ec nomics.'" "That," Mr. Smith remarke "is a little like a Christian crusad saying, all things considered, I thi Mohammed was right."

Well, not quite. There are seve levels at which to understand Keyn Clearly Mr. Nixon was using "Ke nesianism" in the most popular sense the word, which is defined in Webste Third as, "the economic theories a programs ascribed to John Mayna Keynes and his followers, specificall the advocacy of fiscal and moneta programs by government to increa employment."

The best-known American conserv tive economist is Professor Milt Friedman, and he most enthusiastical backs the use of monetary policies order to achieve economic goals. In t ideological wars, the recent battles ha been between those who desire to stre fiscal policies, i.e., the rate of taxatio deficit spending—that kind of thir And those others who believe that t key to the problem lies in the mon supply. Both sets of people, should th choose to do so, could call themselv

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eynesians, though as professionals, ey would be unlikely to do so, be- ıuse they know too much about eynes to want to use him as a par- :ularly useful eponym.

A few years ago, the British magazine *ncounter* conducted an almost endless mposium on the theme, "we are all eynesians now." The editor's thought ıs to establish that there simply wasn't ıybody around any more who didn't :cept Keynes as the spokesman of a :w way of doing things in economics, hose policies are everybody's policies. e had a far less easy time of it than : expected, as individual economists :ighed in insisting that far from it, eynesianism did not prevail. One of em, for instance, gave it as his opinion at Keynes considered that the single ost important objective of money- anagers should be low interest rates. nd by low interest, Keynes meant mething like 2 per cent. At that point, e interest rate in England was about per cent. How then could we say that ıgland was "Keynesian"?

. HEN THE SUBJECT is mystified by the domantade of some of Keynes' fol- wers, who took Keynes' insights, and leaded them into an entire economic smology. Some of these gentlemen- natics were heard to say that there ıs nothing now that we didn't know out economics, thanks to Keynes, ıs their exegesis of him. But during e late Forties and the Fifties the plication of Keynes' formulas was own quite simply not to work, for ıny reasons, some of them as yet diagnosed. For instance, it was :ynes' breezy prescription that at times boom, the government should skim enough surplus money to finance its mp-priming activities in times of pression. Try it. Then, for a while, e economists would say: Well, Keynes ıght us how to come down from the ghs, but he never taught us how to mb up from the lows. Then, for a ıile, they said exactly the opposite. ›day, if you say that you are a :ynesian, you are either saying a) thing at all; or you are saying, b) ıt you are a reactionary. There hasn't en a Keynesian in the entire sense of : word since the feverish Harvard olytes of the late Thirties, who have acefully disbanded. It is often pointed t that Lord Keynes took delight in ying of himself that he was "not a :ynesian." And indeed, shortly before died, the apostle of central economic ınagement was writing enthusiastically out the young economist Frederich ayek, who had just published *The ›ad to Serfdom*, which predicted that e surrender of power to the govern- ment inevitably meant the surrender of liberty.

So that Mr. Nixon's remark to Mr. Smith is not quite so striking a declaration of heresy as he would have us believe. Why did he say it? I think Mr. Nixon meant to acknowledge that the mere mention of the word Keynes is no longer so frightening as once it was. Rather like saying, breezily, "we are all Machiavellians." □

PULLING AWAY

Bogota, Colombia, Jan. 26—Journalists who leave America for a protracted period of time (in my case ten weeks) are usually so hard-pressed to arrange their affairs that they do not have time to pause over the meaning of their departure. I arrived at Bogota, Colombia after six hours in the air, and discovered soon after arriving that the first Ambassador from the United States, Mr. Richard C. Anderson, came here in 1823, with wife and child, after a journey of just less than five months, that being how long it took.

It is a strange and altogether critical sense of security that attaches to the American citizen who is away from his country, traveling in lands that are torn by political passions. A friend who spent years in Chile was asked what would he do if Chile went Communist, and his reply was altogether straightforward. I am, he said, no further away from the little house I and my wife own in Bethany, Connecticut than ten hours, on Braniff Flight 815. Americans who travel abroad are able to flaunt that final insouciance, to the foreigner who asks provocatively what will we do if the country we visit becomes communized, or otherwise totalitarianized: Why, what we do is go home. That is what going home of course means, and it is a wonder that the meaning of the American experience is so very hard to grasp.

A few days before leaving, I stood before three thousand college students, engaged in debate with a professor who described America as a land "dedicated to death." The audience cheered. Egged on, the professor went on to explain that the reason Kosygin and Nixon smile at each other when they shake hands is that they have more in common than anything that separates them. He went on to elucidate that the reason the United States is dedicated to death, is because high profits come from death-dealing.

All the rest was foreplay and the students reacted ecstatically to the revelation. It was futile to give them the detumescent facts, such as that Roosevelt and Churchill also smiled together with Stalin, that the stock market leaps up with joy at any indication that we are approaching peace in Vietnam, that Nixon the killer has reduced by two-thirds the weekly casualties in Vietnam. That is to get in the way of the singular pleasure so many people get from savaging the United States. Every impiety gives pleasure, which is no doubt why Moses though it necessary to enjoin us to honor our father and mother. The kick one gets nowadays out of surrealistic criticisms of the United States is—is what one finds oneself thinking about, as the gangway goes up, the engines roar and you fly away.

A Frenchman has written a book, with the rather sacrilegious title, *Neither Marx nor Jesus.* His point, after what one gathers from the press is a little impartial inconoclasm, is that the United States is undergoing a genuine revolution, of the kind that is most welcome and that the reason why that is possible, is that the United States is truly mobile.

The Frenchman believes that America's nervous system is the one truly malleable social force in the world, and that we are working our way quite rapidly into a new and different kind of society, free of Marx, and free of Jesus. It is indispensable to the evolution of such a society that we should be displeased with America as it is. America, one gathers, is Walter Mitty, but with the powers of the Wizard of Oz, to realize instantly the shape we would have ourselves be.

We must have a society without the Pentagon, but with no fear of foreign pentagons. Without racism, but with total freedom. Without unemployment, but with total economic freedom. With free sex and no bastards. With booze and no hangovers. With order, but without authority. With God, but without divine encumbrances. And the question formula test, as one travels over Cuba, and toward Chile: Who will, in deference to the revolution these gentlemen seek, repeal history? David Hume, who sometimes sounded like the village atheist, said, in repudiation of miracles, that he would sooner believe that human testimony had erred, than that the laws of nature had been suspended.

As I draw close to Latin America, I like to think that, a few nights ago, listening to the cheers that were awarded to the professor who indicted America, my ears betrayed me, rather than that the voices I heard, were engaged in betraying a country that, for all its faults, has permitted us so very much: permitted us the dream that the nations I am now visiting have struggled, so unavailingly, to realize. □

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DEFINITIONS

A. Young lady high school teachers sometimes slap them — 49 66 11 56 106 6 94 76

B. A rose that reminds us of Samuel Johnson — 53 176 30 156 167 96 118

C. This can be learned in a billiard parlor — 58 97 71 130 163 173 126

D. To instruct — 63 46 15 60 138 24 120

E. A recurring phrase (*music*) — 74 31 132 150 160

F. The science of positive real numbers — 102 40 165 98 2 128 148 21 114 159

G. An elementary school subject — 134 22 85 110 153 119 144 1 8 83 48

H. Substitutes for buttons on shirt sleeves — 139 155 78 64 103 17 100 177 151

I. A rhythmic silence in music or in one of its parts — 10 25 28 37

J. Should these people get unemployment compensation? — 158 26 141 79 170 84 164 61

K. A school competition in which contestants try to remain on their feet — 168 38 127 157 111 113 18 105 149

L. Native state of Herbert Hoover — 178 65 121 166

M. Luce enabled its members to earn their daily bread — 20 16 75 89 137 50 161 47 99 169 3

N. The effect of an impelling force — 72 34 92 39 88 80 67

O. Pertaining to a branch of the defense establishment — 36 27 95 5 14

P. A vile thing — 87 12 122 104

Q. What lines on some forms are — 112 13 81 123 35 147

R. Satisfactory (slang phrase) — 146 41 135 171 86 179 140 52 162

S. A breed of hornless sheep — 4 124 82 32 129 42 142

T. A high school subject — 29 68 117 33 62 43 133

U. A college subject — 44 23 77 101 109 91 152 172 175 73 51 143

V. Unscramble SIGNET — 90 19 180 45 115 125

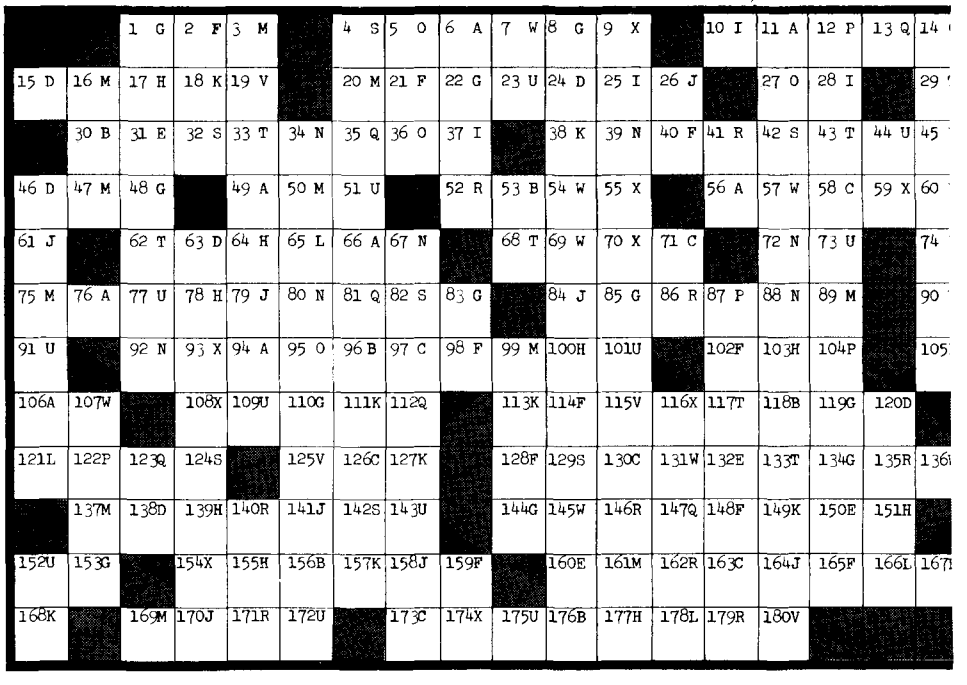
W. Diametrically different — 107 7 57 69 136 131 145 54

X. "Let a sleeping dog lie." . . . When there is much at stake it is better to get a _____ to do it. (Mark Twain) — 70 55 108 9 154 116 174 59 93

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 160 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram



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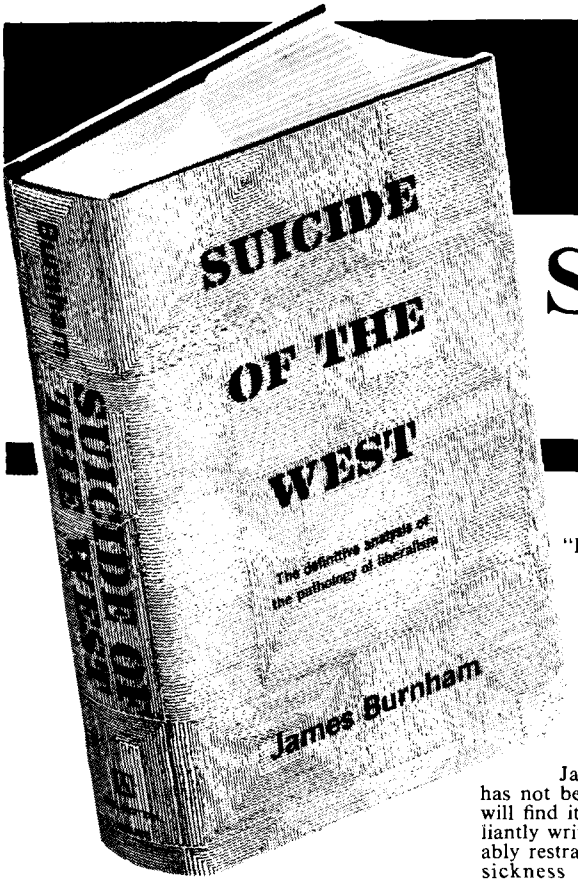

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